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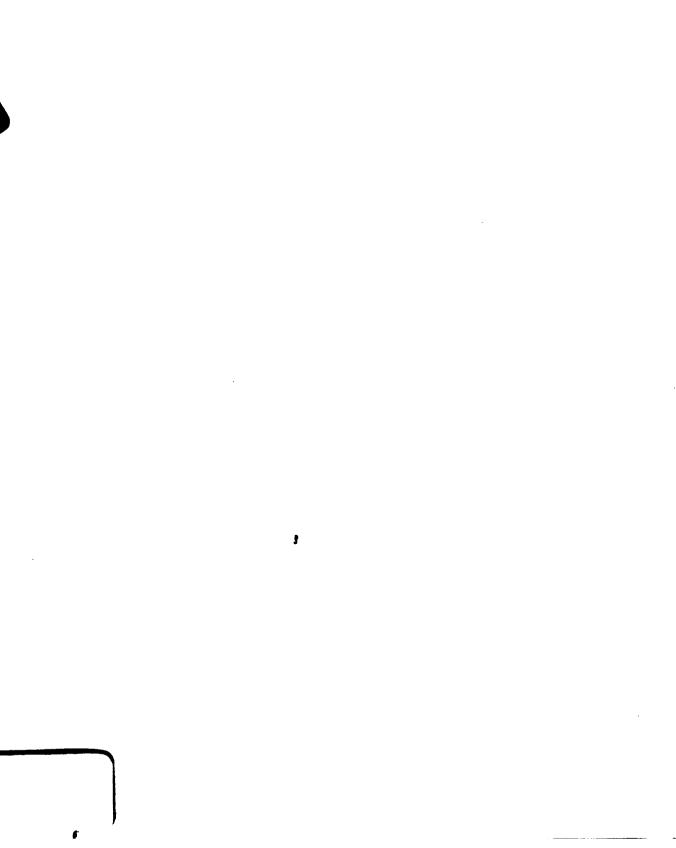
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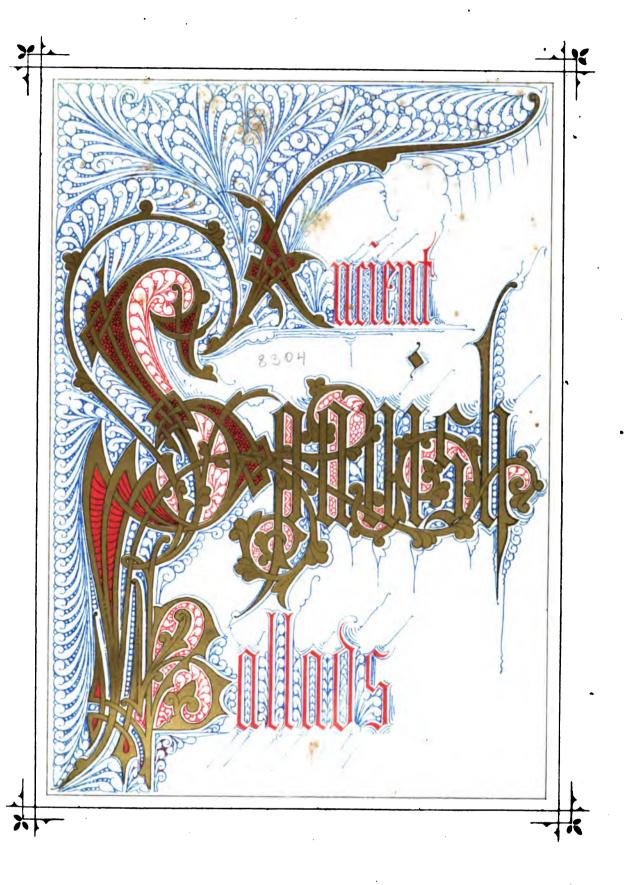
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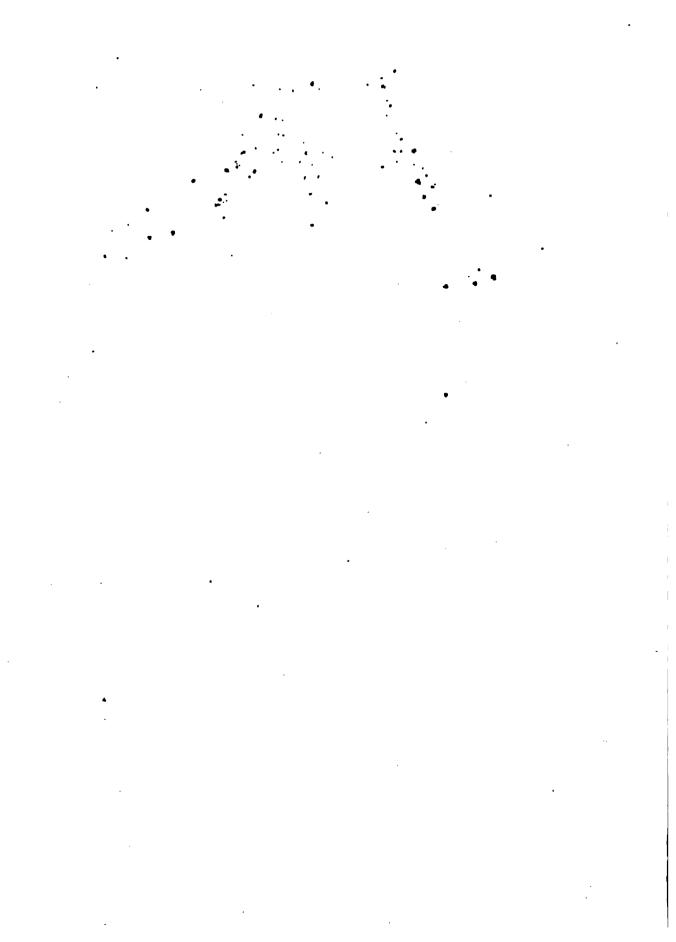


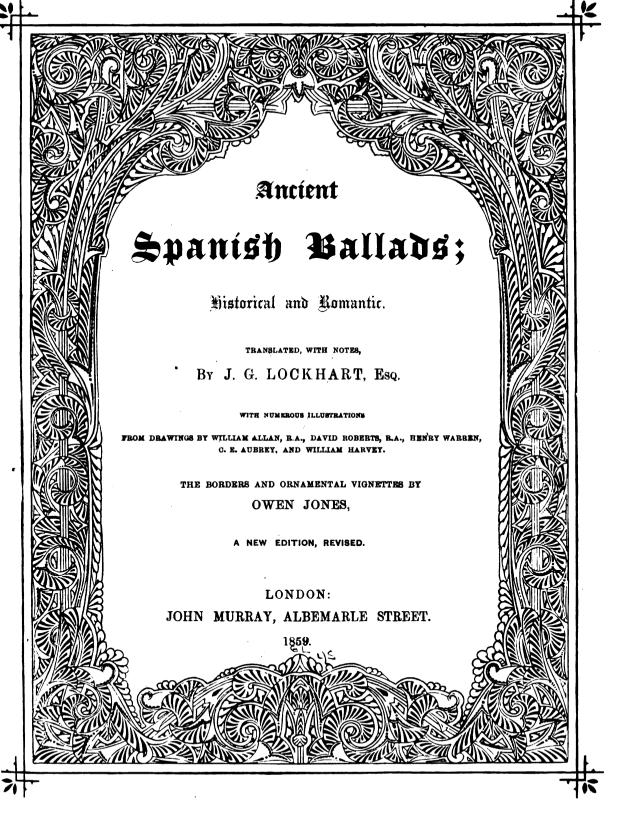


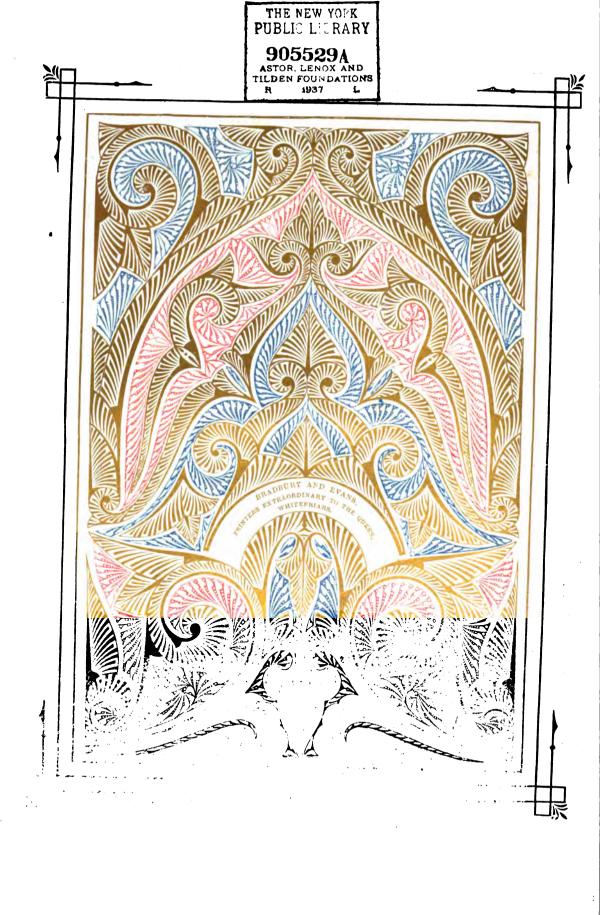
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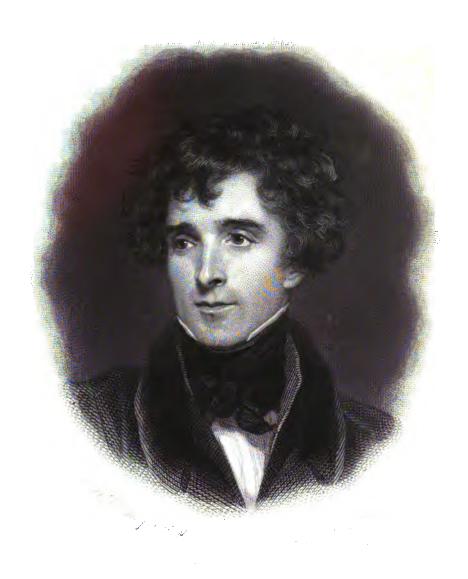






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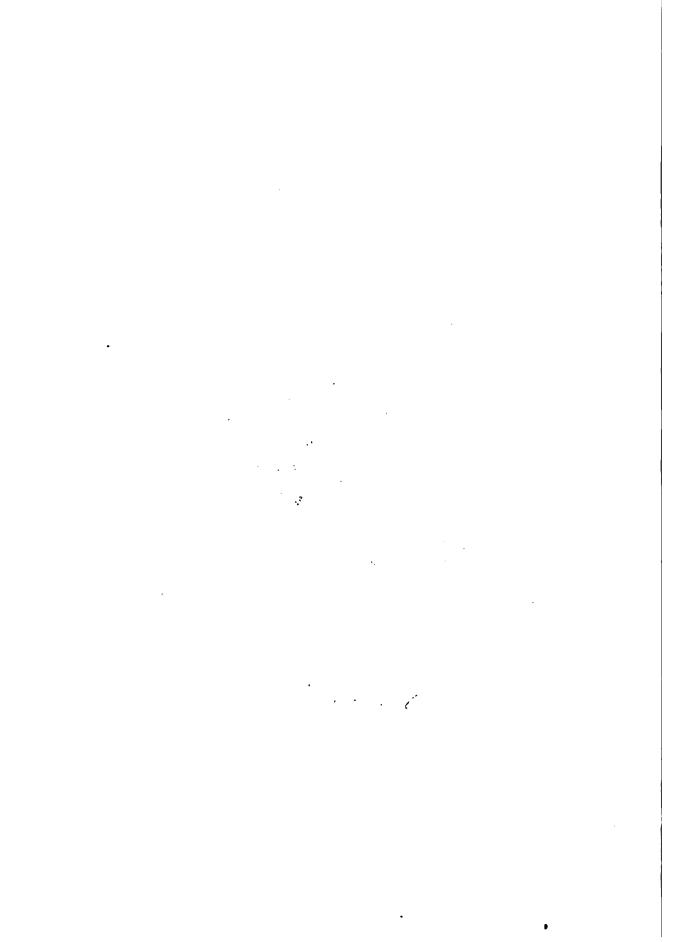
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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE LATE

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.*

The hand of death, though most conspicuous of late in the battlefield, has not been idle in the walks of science and literature. Some, indeed, of the men of note whom we have recently lost are of so great eminence that we look around among the rising generation with something like despair to find any capable of filling the gaps which have been left.

Such a one was John Gibson Lockhart, the biographer and son-inlaw of Sir Walter Scott, who now lies in the same grave with him at Dryburgh. Mr. Lockhart was the second surviving son of a Scotch clergyman, of gentle descent and old family, in the county of Lanark. He was born, 1794, in the manse of Cambusnethen,

^{*} Since the publication of the last edition of the Spanish Ballads, their brilliant author has gone to his rest. The following brief notice of him, for which we are indebted to the Times newspaper, has appeared to many of his friends so interesting and satisfactory, that the publisher has determined to prefix it to this edition, along with a portrait of Mr. Lockhart, after Pickersgill.

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whence his father was transferred, 1796, to Glasgow, where John Lockhart was reared and educated. The inheritance of genius (as in many other instances) would appear to have come from his mother. who had some of the blood of the Erskines in her veins. His appetite for reading, even as a boy, was insatiable. Though somewhat idle as regards school study, he yet distinguished himself both at school and college, outstripping his more studious competitors. and finally obtaining, by the unanimous award of the Professors. the Snell Exhibition to Balliol College, Oxford, where he was entered. 1809, at the early age of fifteen. Dr. Jenkyns, the late Dean of Wells, was his tutor. Before leaving the University he took honours as a first-class man. After a sojourn in Germany sufficiently long to enable him to acquire its language and a taste for its literature, he was called to the Scottish bar in 1816; but, though endowed with perseverance and acuteness sufficient to constitute a first-rate lawyer, he wanted the gift of eloquence to enable him to shine as an advocate. As he naïvely confessed to a party of friends assembled to bid him farewell on his departure from Scotland for London, "You know as well as I, that if I had ever been able to make a speech, there would have been no cause for our present meeting." His wit, his learning, and extensive reading found, however, a ready outlet through his pen.

In 1818 Lockhart was introduced to Scott, who in 1820 evinced his esteem and affection for him, by giving him in marriage his eldest daughter. At Scott's death in 1832 he was left sole literary

executor. Many of the cleverest things in Blackwood's Magazine (established in 1817) were written by Lockhart in concert with his friends John Wilson, Captain Hamilton, Hogg, &c., and much illblood was caused among the Whigs, who, from assailants, now began to be assailed by opponents of no mean skill in fence. Party warfare then ran high in Edinburgh: much ill-blood was engendered. Unfortunately, the strife was not confined to souibs, and at least one fatal catastrophe was the result. These events left a lasting impression on Lockhart's mind, and when, in 1826, he was invited to become editor of the Quarterly Review, he quitted Edinburgh without regret, with his family. At a late period of his life he received from the friendship of the late Lord Granville Somerset, under the Government of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, the post of Auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

The management of the Quarterly Review, to which he contributed many valuable papers, chiefly biographical, continued in his hands for twenty-eight years, down to 1853, when his failing health compelled him to resign the labour.

The latter years of his life were mournfully darkened by domestic calamity. The deaths in succession of his eldest boy—the pet of Sir Walter, the "Hugh Littlejohn" for whose instruction he wrote Tales of a Grandfather—of his wife, and all the other members of Sir Walter Scott's family, were followed and wound up by that of his only surviving son, under circumstances of poignant grief to a father's heart. The vials of sorrow seemed to have been emptied

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upon his head. With broken health and spirits he betook himself to Rome, by medical advice, with slight hope on his own part of benefit. Having little taste for foreign travel, he returned home in the spring of 1853. He made a partial rally on his arrival in Scotland, but a very severe attack of diarrhæa in the month of October of that year, shattered his already enfeebled frame; he was removed from Milton Lockhart, the house of his eldest brother, M.P. for Lanark, under the care of his old friend, Dr. Ferguson, to Abbotsford, where he breathed his last, on the 25th of November, in the arms of his daughter, the sole survivor of the line of Scott in the second generation.

It is not in the first few days of regret for Mr. Lockhart's loss that the extent of it can be best defined. Long will it be before those who knew him can admit his life and his death into the same thought; for, much as he had suffered, mind and body, and precarious as had been his state, there had been no decline of that which constituted Lockhart—the acuteness, the vigour, the marvellous memory, the flashing wit, swift to sever truth from falsehood—the stores of knowledge, ever ready and bright, never displayed. Although his reputation has been confined to literature, and although, by early-amassed knowledge and long-sharpened thought, he had reared himself into a pillar of literary strength, yet the leading qualities of his mind would have fitted him for any part where far-sighted sagacity, iron self-control, and rapid instinctive judgment mark the born leader of others. Nor did he care for literary triumphs, or trials of strength,

but rather avoided them with shrinking reserve. Far from seeking, he could never even be induced to take the place which his reputation and his talents assigned him; he entered society rather to unbend his powers than to exert them. Playful raillery, inimitable in ease and brilliancy, with old friend, simple child, or with the gentlest or humblest present, was the relaxation he most cared to indulge, and if that were denied him, and especially if expected to stand forward and shine, he would shut himself up altogether.

Reserve, indeed—too often misunderstood in its origin, ascribed to coldness and pride when its only source was the rarest modesty and hatred of exhibition—with shyness both personal and national, was his strong external characteristic. Those whose acquaintance he was expressly invited to make would find no access allowed them to his mind, and go disappointed away, knowing only that they had seen one of the most interesting, most mysterious, but most chilling of men, for their very deference had made him retire further from them. Most happy was Lockhart when he could literally take the lowest place, and there complacently listen to the strife of conversers, till some dilemma in the chain of recollection or argument arose, and then the ready memory drew forth the missing link, and the keen sagacity fitted it home to its place, and what all wanted and no one else could supply was murmured out in choice, precise, but most unstudied words. And there were occasions also when the expression of the listener was not so complacent—when the point at issue was not one of memory or of fact, but of the subtler shades of right and

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wrong; and then the scorn on the lip and the cloud on the brow were but the prelude to some strong, wiry sentence, withering in its sarcasm and unanswerable in its sense, which scattered all sophistry to the winds before it.

Far remote was he from the usual conditions of genius—its simplicity, its foibles, and its follies. Lockhart had fought the whole battle of life, both within and without, and borne more than its share of sorrow. So acute, satirical, and unsparing was his intellect. that, had Lockhart been endowed with that alone, he would have been the most brilliant, but the most dangerous of men; but so strong, upright, and true were his moral qualities also, that, had he been a dunce in attainments, or a fool in wit, he must still have been recognised as an extraordinary man. We will not call it unfortunate. for it was the necessary consequence of the very conditions of his life and nature, that while his intellect was known to all, his heart could be known comparatively to few. All knew how unsparing he was to morbid and sickly sentiment, but few could tell how tender he was to genuine feeling. All could see how he despised every species of vanity, pretension, and cant; but few had the opportunity of witnessing his unfailing homage to the humblest or even stupidest worth. Many will believe what caustic he was to a false grief; few could credit what balm to a real one. His indomitable reserve never prevented his intellect from having fair play, but it greatly impeded the justice due to his nobler part.

It was characteristic of Lockhart's peculiar individuality that,

wherever he was at all known, whether by man or woman, by noet, man of business, or man of the world, he touched the hidden chord of romance in all. No man less affected the poetical, the mysterious. or the sentimental; no man less affected anything; yet, as he stole stiffly away from the knot which, if he had not enlivened, he had hushed, there was not one who did not confess that a being had passed before them who stirred all the pulses of the imagination, and realised what is generally only ideal in the portrait of a man. impression there is no doubt that his personal appearance greatly contributed, though too entirely the exponent of his mind to be considered as a separate cause. Endowed with the very highest order of manly beauty, both of feature and expression, he retained the brilliancy of youth and a stately strength of person comparatively unimpaired in ripened life; and then, though sorrow and sickness suddenly brought on a premature old age, which none could witness unmoved, yet the beauty of the head and of the bearing so far gained in melancholy loftiness of expression what they lost in animation, that the last phase, whether to the eye of painter or of anxious friend, seemed always the finest.

As in social intercourse, so in literature, Lockhart was guilty of injustice to his own surpassing powers. With all his passion for letters, with all the ambition for literary fame which burnt in his youthful mind, there was still his shyness, fastidiousness, reserve. No doubt he might have taken a higher place as a poet than by the Spanish Ballads, as a writer of fiction than by his novels. These

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seem to have been thrown off by a sudden uncontrollable impulse to relieve the mind of its fulness, rather than as works of finished art or mature study. The Ballads first appeared in Blackwood's Magazine; the novels without his name. They were the flashes of a genius which would not be suppressed; no one esteemed them more humbly than Lockhart, or, having once cast them on the world, thought less of their fame. So, too, in his other writings of that period. The ice once broken, the waters went dashing out in irresistible force; his exuberant spirits, his joyous humour, his satiric vigour, his vehement fun, when the curb was once loosened, ran away with him, he himself could hardly see whither. These outbursts over, he retired again within himself. Except in two short but excellent pieces of biography, written each for a special purpose, and as by command—the Life of Burns, yet unsurpassed, and that of Napoleon-no book appeared under the name of Lockhart till the Life of Scott. This was a work of duty as of love.

Lockhart is only known as a poet (with the exception of one or two clever and happy epigrams which have hooked themselves to the memory of his friends) by his *Spanish Ballads*. Those ballads (the unanswerable proof of excellence in ballads) caught at once and live in the general ear. They have every characteristic beauty of ballads—life, rapidity, picturesqueness, suddenness, grace, quaintness, simplicity without baldness, energy without effort. We will not vouch for their fidelity to the original poems, but they have a better fidelity to the spirit of the wild, romantic, and chivalrous times, when Moor

and Christian met on the borders to fight and make love. They are Spanish to the very heart.

Of his novels, two, in their different ways, are of a very high order. Lockhart was a well-read Greek and Latin scholar. He attained the highest classical honours at Oxford, and that rather under the usual Valerius contains as much knowledge of its period, and that knowledge as accurate, as would furnish out a long elaborate German treatise on a martyr and his times. It is as true, as lively, as poetical as Chateaubriand's boasted Martyrs is dull, artificial, false. Lockhart did not read up the times to write Valerius; but being full, from his enjoyment of the authors of the times, dashed out Valerius boldly, freely, seemingly without study. It is, in our judgment, incomparably the best work of fiction founded on classical manners. Adam Blair was a strange, bold experiment to carry human passion, not, as in the Vicar of Wakefield, into the family, but into the very heart of the pious occupant of a Presbyterian manse. The kirk stood aghast. We remember that on the Scotch side of the Tweed clerical countenances looked grave. We remember, also, a true story of a very pious English bishop being caught in his carriage in a flood of tears: he was reading Adam Blair.

[•] Even then his uncontrollable fun would overmaster him. More laborious and less free-spirited youths of his day heard with amazement that the bold young Scotchman, in the very hour of trial, had scrawled over his loose papers with caricatures of the awful examining masters. Other tales could be told of the temptations and occasional lapses of his academic life in this way. He sternly cut off in after-life this kind of gratification of his love of fun; he would not indulge his remarkable talent for caricature drawing.

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Lockhart was designated at once, for no one else could be, the biographer of Scott. His strength lav in biography: his best papers in the Quarterly Review were full and rapid condensations of widespun volumes on the lives and works of authors or statesmen. while his relation and singular qualifications gave him unrivalled advantages for this work, they involved him in no less serious and peculiar difficulties. The history must tell not only the brilliant joyous dawn and zenith of the poet's fame, but also the dark sad decline and close. It was not only that Lockhart, as the husband of his daughter—as living in humble and happy Chiefswood with his charming wife (in some respects so like her father), and his promising children, under the shade of aspiring Abbotsford, enjoyed the closest intimacy with Scott, saw him in all his moods, with veneration which could not blind his intuitive keen observation of human character, read his heart of hearts; in some respects there was the most perfect congeniality between the two. In outward manner no men indeed could be more different. Scott frank, easy, accessible, the least awful great man ever known, with his arms and his heart open to every one who had any pretension, to many who had no pretension, to be admitted within them, as much at ease with the King as with Adam Purdie. Lockhart, slow at first, retiring, almost repelling, till the thaw of kindly or friendly feelings had warmed and kindled his heart, then, and not till then, the pleasantest of companions. But in tastes, in political principles, in conviviality, in active life, in the enjoyment of Scottish scenery and Scottish sports, in the love of letters for the

sake of letters, with a sovereign contempt and aversion for the pedantry of authorship, warm attachments, even the love of brute beasts—in admiration of the past, in the enjoyment of the present, in bright aspirations for the future—there was the closest sympathy, the happiest fellowship. So nothing can be more delightful than the life in Edinburgh, the life on the Border, the life in London; but stern truth, honour, faith with the public, commanded the disclosure of the gloomier evening of this glorious day, the evening of disappointment, embarrassment, noble powers generously overtaxed, breaking down in a death-struggle with the resolute determination to be just, honourable, free.

Lockhart's was a singularly practical understanding; he had remarkable talents for business, and read men with a sharper and more just appreciation than generous Scott. No one could discern more clearly the baselessness of his father-in-law's magnificent schemes, by which his own unrivalled successes were to be the ordinary rewards of the book-trade. With a strange chivalrous notion. Scott was to be at once the noblest and most munificent patron of letters, to force good books on an unprepared and reluctant public, and, at the same time, to achieve such riches as had never crossed the imagination of the most fortunate bibliopole. All this error Lockhart had long seen through; and, we are persuaded, that if Scott had thrown his affairs into Lockhart's hands, we will not say that they might have been retrieved, but the blow would have been mitigated; something less might have been necessary than the

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vital, the fatal wrestling with unconquerable circumstances. But in the Life how was this to be told? Too much was known, too much was surmised for suppression or disguise. Lockhart resolved boldly, fairly, to reveal the whole; for Scott's fame we think he judged wisely, even though the book may have been in some degree weighed down. If there were those who suffered by the exposure, we cannot but think they deserved to suffer. All that was sordid and grasping in trading speculation seemed to fall off from the majestic image of Scott; he rose like a hero in the old Greek tragedy, doing battle to the last with destiny, nobler in his sad and tragic end than at the height of his glory. All this must have been in the keen and farsighted view of Lockhart; and must redound to his praise as a wise, as well as faithful and masterly biographer.

Lockhart was called on to fill, and filled for many years, the very difficult position of the avowed and ostensible editor of one of the two accredited journals of literature. Here, too, he derived extraordinary advantage, while doubtless he laboured under some disadvantage, from his peculiar manners and habit of mind. In the midst of London life it was not amiss that one of the prime ministers of letters should be somewhat unapproachable. About the secrets of his state there was necessarily some mystery, it might be as well some repulsiveness, to keep back the busy and forward—those who are perpetually seeking—if they had dared to do so, pertinaciously soliciting—favours—places for their works—with due amount of praise by the *Review*—places for their own articles in the *Review*.

Unhappily, too, in some respects, perhaps happily in others, the two great literary journals at the same time representing the two great political parties. It was war to the knife, a war deeper than the gashes of the knife, for the pen wounds more acutely, wounds far more noble parts. If Lockhart in this strife did not always control himself, far more often did not control others, put yourself, reader, in his place, arm yourself with his wit, point your lips with his power of sarcasm, give him credit for the honesty of his political principles. (right or wrong.) for the strength of his political passions. Adversary, it may be! if wounded by that hand, or through that hand, be assured that, if he did you wrong, you yourself have not felt it more deeply than did Lockhart. Remember that you were at war-perhaps you struck first, you or your friends. Liberalism, may be in the ascendant—his Torvism in the decline; but do not do him or yourself the injustice to believe that Lockhart was not an honest, conscientious Tory. Cast your stone, then, not at his fame, but upon his grave, like the warriors of old, who, after mortal combat, on whichever side they were, conspired to do honour to the illustrious dead.

There was one thing which set Lockhart far above common critics; high over every other consideration predominated the general love of letters. Whatever might be the fate of those of more doubtful pretensions (even to the humblest, the lowest of authors, there was one kind of generosity in which Lockhart was never wanting—if his heart was closed, his hand was ever open), yet if any great work of genius

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appeared, Trojan or Tyrian, it was one to him—his kindred spirit was kindled at once, his admiration and sympathy threw off all trammel. We have known where he has resisted rebuke, remonstrance, to do justice to the works of political antagonists,—that impartial homage was at once freely, boldly, lavishly paid.

We sincerely believe that Lockhart had no greater delight or satisfaction than in conferring well-merited praise, hailing the uprising of any new star, and doing just honour to those whom after ages will recognise as the leaders of letters in our day. Suffice it to add, that no unloveable man could have left a dreary blank in the hearts of so many friends; that he was one whose friendship was more valued the more intimately he was known; that English literature had never a more fervent lover, and that, whatever place may be assigned to him by posterity, none would acquiesce more entirely in that verdict than Lockhart himself.—Times, Dec. 9, 1854.



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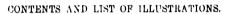


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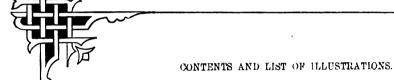
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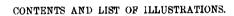
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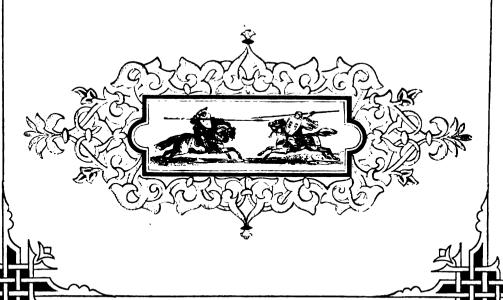


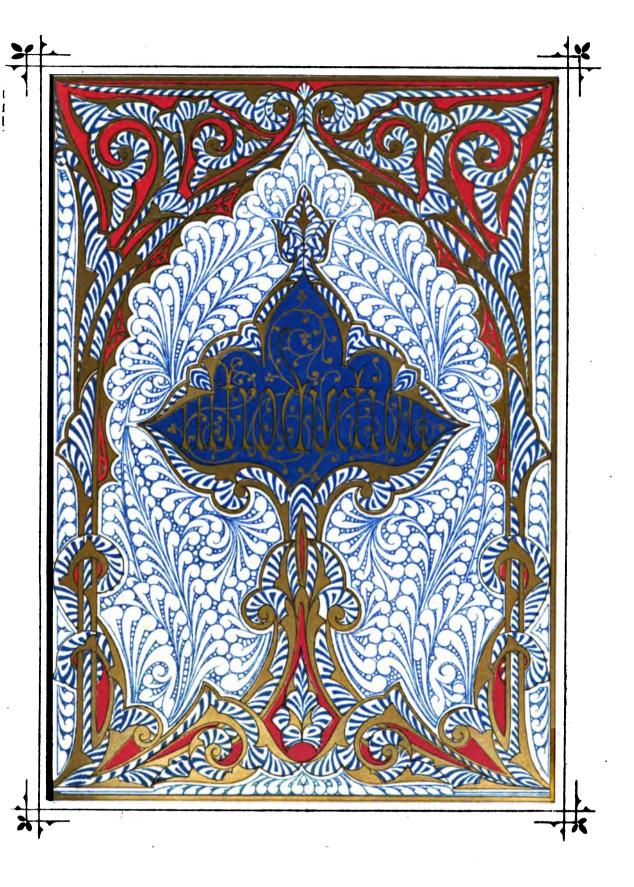
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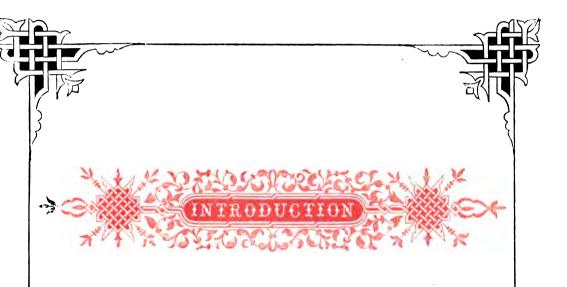


THE COLOURED TITLES, BORDERS, AND ORNAMENTAL LETTERS AND VIGNETTES, BY OWEN JONES.





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HE intention of this publication is to furnish the English reader with some notion of that old Spanish minstrelsy, which has been preserved in the different Cancioneros and Romanceros of the sixteenth century. That great mass of popular poetry has never yet received in its

own country the attention to which it is entitled. While hundreds of volumes have been written about authors who were, at the best, ingenious imitators of classical or Italian models, not one, of the least critical merit, has been bestowed upon those old and simpler poets who were contented with the native inspirations of Castilian



pride. No Spanish Percy, or Ellis, or Ritson, has arisen to perform what no one but a Spaniard can entertain the smallest hope of achieving.

Mr. Bouterwek, in his excellent History of Spanish Literature (Book i., Sect. 1), complained that no attempt had ever been made even to arrange the old Spanish ballads in anything like chronological order. An ingenious countryman of his own, Mr. Depping, has since, in some measure, supplied this defect. He has arranged the historical ballads according to the chronology of the persons and events which they celebrate; for even this obvious matter had not been attended to by the original Spanish collectors; but he has modestly and judiciously refrained from attempting the chronological arrangement of them as compositions; feeling, of course, that no person can ever acquire such a delicate knowledge of a language not his own, as might enable him to distinguish, with accuracy, between the different shades of antiquity:—or even perhaps to draw with certainty and precision the broader line between that which is of genuine antiquity and that which is mere modern imitation. By far the greater part of the following translations are from pieces which the reader will find in Mr. Depping's Collection, published at Leipsic in 1817.

The first *Cancionero*, that of Ferdinand de Castillo, appeared so early as 1510. In it not a few ballads both of the historical and of the romantic class are included: and as the title of the



book itself bears 'Obras de todos o de los mas principales Trobadores de España, assi antiguos como modernos,' it is clear that at least a certain number of these pieces were considered as entitled to the appellation of 'ancient,' in the year 1510. The Cancionero de Romances, published at Antwerp in 1555, and afterwards often reprinted under the name of Romancero, was the earliest collection that admitted nothing but ballads. The Romancero Historiado of Lucas Rodriguez appeared at Alcala, in 1759; the collection of Lorenzo de Sepulveda, at Antwerp, in 1566. The ballads of the Cid were first published in a collected form in 1615, by Escobar.

But there are not wanting circumstances which would seem to establish, for many of the Spanish ballads, a claim to antiquity much higher than is to be inferred from any of these dates. In the oldest edition of the Cancionero General, for example, there are several pieces which bear the name of Don Juan Manuel. If they were composed by the celebrated author of Count Lucanor (and it appears very unlikely that any person of less distinguished rank should have assumed that style without some addition or distinction), we must carry them back at least as far as the year 1362, when the Prince Don Juan Manuel died. But this is not all. The ballads bearing the name of that illustrious author are so far from appearing to be among the most ancient in the Cancionero, that even a very slight examination must be sufficient to establish exactly the reverse. The

regularity and completeness of their rhymes alone are quite enough to satisfy any one who is acquainted with the usual style of the *redondillas*, that the ballads of Don Juan Manuel are among the most modern in the whole collection.

But indeed, whatever may be the age of the ballads now extant, that the Spaniards had ballads of the same general character, and on the same subjects, at a very early period of their national history, is quite certain. In the General Chronicle of Spain, which was compiled in the thirteenth century at the command of Alphonso the Wise, allusions are perpetually made to the popular songs of the Minstrels, or Joglares. Now, it is evident that the phraseology of compositions handed down orally from one generation to another, must have undergone, in the course of time, a great many alterations; yet, in point of fact, the language of by far the greater part of the Historical Ballads in the Romancero, does appear to carry the stamp of an antiquity quite as remote as that used by the compilers of the General Chronicle themselves. Nay, some of those very expressions from which Mr. Southey would seem to infer that the CHRONICLE OF THE CID is a more ancient composition than the GENERAL CHRONICLE OF SPAIN (which last was written before 1384), are quite of common occurrence in these same ballads, which Mr. Southey considers as of comparatively modern origin.*

* See the Introduction to Mr. Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, p. v.—(Note.)



All this, however, is a controversy in which few English readers can be expected to take much interest. And, besides, even granting that the Spanish ballads were composed but a short time before the first *Cancioneros* were published, it would still be certain that they form by far the oldest, as well as largest, collection of popular poetry, properly so called, that is to be found in the literature of any European nation whatever. Had there been published at London, in the reign of our Henry VIII., a vast collection of English ballads about the wars of the Plantagenets, what illustration and annotation would not that collection have received long ere now!

How the old Spaniards should have come to be so much more wealthy in this sort of possession than any of their neighbours, it is not very easy to say. They had their taste for warlike song in common with all the other members of the great Gothic family; and they had a fine climate, affording, of course, more leisure for amusement than could have been enjoyed beneath the rougher sky of the north. The flexibility of their beautiful language, and the extreme simplicity of the versification adopted in their ballads, must, no doubt, have lightened the labour, and may have consequently increased the number of their professional minstrels.

To tell some well-known story of love or heroism in stanzas of four octosyllabic lines, the second and the fourth terminating in the same rhyme, or in what the musical accompaniment could



make to have some appearance of being the same—this was all that the art of the Spanish coplero, in its most perfect state, ever aspired to. But a line of seven or of six syllables was admitted whenever that suited the maker better than one of eight: the stanza itself varied from four to six lines, with equal ease; and, as for the matter of rhyme, it was quite sufficient that the two corresponding syllables contained the same vowel.* In a language less abundant in harmonious vocables, such laxity could scarcely have satisfied the ear. But the Spanish is, like the sister Italian, music in itself, though music of a bolder character.

I have spoken of the structure of the redondillas, as Spanish writers generally speak of it, when I have said that the stanzas consist of four lines. But a distinguished German antiquary, Mr. Grimm, who published a little sylva of Spanish ballads at Vienna in 1815, expresses his opinion that the stanza was composed in reality of two long lines, and that these had subsequently been cut into four, exactly as we know to have been the case in regard to our own old English ballad-stanza. Mr. Grimm, in his small but very elegant collection, prints the Spanish verses in what he thus supposes to have been their original shape; and

* For example :-

Y arrastrando luengos lutos Entraron treynta fidalgos Escuderos de Ximena Hija del conde *Loçano*.

But, indeed, even this might be dispensed with.

I have followed his example in the form of the stanza which I have for the most part used.

So far as I have been able, I have followed Mr. Depping in the classification of the specimens which follow.

The reader will find placed together at the beginning those ballads which treat of persons and events known in the authentic history of Spain. A few concerning the unfortunate Don Roderick and the Moorish conquest of the eighth century, form the commencement; and the series is carried down, though of course with wide gaps and intervals, yet so as to furnish something like a connected sketch of the gradual progress of the Christian arms, until the surrender of Granada, in the year 1492, and the consequent flight of the last Moorish sovereign from the Peninsula.

Throughout that very extensive body of historical ballads from which these specimens have been selected, there prevails an uniformly high tone of sentiment:—such as might have been expected to distinguish the popular poetry of a nation proud, haughty, free, and engaged in continual warfare against enemies of different faith and manners, but not less proud and not less warlike than themselves. Those petty disputes and dissensions which so long divided the Christian princes, and, consequently, favoured and maintained the power of the formidable enemy whom they all equally hated; those struggles between prince and nobility, which were productive of similar effects after the crowns

of Leon and Castile had been united; those domestic tragedies which so often stained the character and weakened the arms of the Spanish kings; in a word, all the principal features of the old Spanish history may be found, more or less distinctly shadowed forth, among the productions of these unflattering minstrels.

Of the language of Spain, as it existed under the reign of the Visigoth kings, we possess no monuments. The laws and the chronicles of the period were equally written in Latin; and although both, in all probability, must have been frequently rendered into more vulgar dialects, no traces of any such versions have survived the many storms and struggles of religious and political dissension, of which this interesting region has since been made the scene. To what precise extent, therefore, the language and literature of the Peninsula felt the influence of that great revolution which subjected the far larger part of her territory to the sway of a Mussulman sceptre, and how much or how little of what we at this hour admire or condemn in the poetry of Portugal, Arragon, Castile, is really not of Spanish, but of Moorish origin—these are matters which have divided all the great writers of literary history, and which we, in truth, have little chance of ever seeing accurately decided. No one, however, who considers of what elements the Christian population of Spain was originally composed, and in what shapes the mind of nations every way kindred to that population was expressed during the

middle ages, can have any doubt that great and remarkable influence was exerted over Spanish thought and feeling—and, therefore, over Spanish language and poetry—by the influx of those Oriental tribes that occupied, for seven long centuries, the fairest provinces of the Peninsula.

Spain, although of all the countries which owned the authority of the Caliphs she was the most remote from the seat of their empire, appears to have been the very first in point of cultivation;—her governors having, for at least two centuries. emulated one another in affording every species of encouragement and protection to all those liberal arts and sciences which first flourished at Bagdad under the sway of Haroon Al-Raschid, and his less celebrated, but perhaps still more enlightened son, Al-Mamoun. Beneath the wise and munificent patronage of these rulers, the cities of Spain, within three hundred years after the defeat of King Roderick, had been everywhere penetrated with a spirit of elegance, tastefulness, and philosophy, which afforded the strongest of all possible contrasts to the contemporary condition of the other kingdoms of Europe. At Cordova, Granada, Seville, and many now less considerable towns, colleges and libraries had been founded and endowed in the most splendid manner-where the most exact and the most elegant of sciences were cultivated together with equal zeal. Averroes translated and expounded Aristotle at Cordova; Ben-Zaid and Aboul-Mander wrote histories of their nation at Valencia: Abdel-Maluk



set the first example of that most interesting and useful species of writing, by which Moreri and others have since rendered services so important to ourselves; and even an Arabian Encyclopædia was compiled, under the direction of Mohammed-Aba-Abdalla, at Granada. Ibn-el-Beither went forth from Malaga to search through all the mountains and plains of Europe for every thing that might enable him to perfect his favourite sciences of botany and lithology, and his works still remain to excite the admiration of all who are in a condition to comprehend their value. The Jew of Tudela was the worthy successor of Galen and Hippocrates: while chemistry, and other branches of medical science, almost unknown to the ancients, received their first astonishing developments from Al-Rasi and Avicenna. Rhetoric and poetry were not less diligently studied: and in a word, it would be difficult to point out, in the whole history of the world, a time or a country where the activity of the human intellect was more extensively, or usefully, or gracefully exerted than in Spain, while the Mussulman sceptre yet retained any portion of that vigour which it had originally received from the conduct and heroism of Tarifa.

Although the difference of religion prevented the Moors and their Spanish subjects from ever being completely melted into one people, yet it appears that nothing could, on the whole, be more mild than the conduct of the Moorish government towards the Christian population of the country, during this their splendid



period of undisturbed dominion. Their learning and their arts they liberally communicated to all who desired such participation; and the Christian youth studied freely and honourably at the feet of Jewish physicians and Mahommedan philosophers. Communication of studies and acquirements, continued through such a space of years, could not have failed to break down, on both sides, many of the barriers of religious prejudice, and to nourish a spirit of kindliness and charity among the more cultivated portions of either people. The intellect of the Christian Spaniards could not be ungrateful for the rich gifts it was every day receiving from their misbelieving masters; while the benevolence with which instructors ever regard willing disciples, must have tempered in the minds of the Arabs the sentiments of haughty superiority natural to the breasts of conquerors.

By degrees, however, the scattered remnants of unsubdued Visigoths, who had sought and found refuge among the mountains of Asturias and Gallicia, began to gather the strength of numbers and of combination, and the Mussulmen saw different portions of their empire successively wrested from their hands by leaders whose descendants assumed the titles of Kings in Oviedo and Navarre, and of Counts in Castile, Soprarbia, Arragon, and Barcelona. From the time when these principalities were established, till all their strength was united in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella, a perpetual war may be said to have subsisted between the professors of the two religions; and the



natural jealousy of Moorish governors must have gradually, but effectually, diminished the comfort of the Christians who yet lived under their authority. Were we to seek our ideas of the period only from the events recorded in its chronicles, we should be led to believe that nothing could be more deep and fervid than the spirit of mutual hostility which prevailed among all the adherents of the opposite faiths: but external events are sometimes not the surest guides to the spirit whether of peoples or of ages, and the ancient popular poetry of Spain may be referred to for proofs, which cannot be considered as either of dubious or of trivial value, that the rage of hostility had not sunk quite so far as might have been imagined into the minds and hearts of very many that were engaged in the conflict.

There is indeed nothing more natural at first sight than to reason in some measure from a nation as it is in our own day, back to what it was a few centuries ago: but nothing could tend to greater mistakes than such a mode of judging applied to the case of Spain. In the erect and high-spirited peasantry of that country we still see the genuine and uncorrupted descendants of their manly forefathers; but in every other part of the population the progress of corruption appears to have been not less powerful than rapid: and the higher we ascend in the scale of society, the more distinct and mortifying is the spectacle of moral not less than of physical deterioration. This universal falling off in regard to



every point of faith and feeling most essential to the formation and preservation of a national character. We have been accustomed to consider the modern Spaniards as the most bigoted, and enslaved, and ignorant of Europeans: but we must not forget that the Spaniards of three centuries back were, in all respects, a very different set of beings. Castile, in the first regulation of her constitution, was as free as any nation needs to be for all the purposes of social security and individual happiness. Her kings were her captains and her judges, the chiefs and the models of a gallant nobility, and the protectors of a manly and independent peasantry: but the authority with which they were invested was guarded by the most accurate limitations; nay—in case they should exceed the boundary of their legal power—the statutebook of the realm itself contained exact rules for the conduct of a constitutional insurrection to recal them to their duty, or to punish them for its desertion. Every order of society had, more or less directly, its representatives in the national council; every Spaniard, of whatever degree, was penetrated with a sense of his own dignity as a freeman-his own nobility as a descendant of the Visigoths. And it is well remarked by an elegant historian of our day,* that, even to this hour, the influence of this happy order of things still continues to be felt in Spain-where manners, and language, and literature, have all received indelibly a stamp of courts, and aristocracy, and proud feeling-which affords a

* Sismondi's Literature du Midi.

striking contrast to what may be observed in modern Italy, where the only freedom that ever existed had its origin and residence among citizens and merchants.

The civil liberty of the old Spaniards could scarcely have existed so long as it did, in the presence of any feeling so black and noisome as the bigotry of modern Spain; but this was never tried; for down to the time of Charles V. no man has any right to say that the Spaniards were a bigoted people. One of the worst features of their modern bigotry—their extreme and servile subjection to the authority of the Pope—is entirely a-wanting in the picture of their ancient spirit. In the 12th century, the Kings of Arragon were the protectors of the Albigenses; and their Pedro II. himself died in 1213, fighting bravely against the red cross, for the cause of tolerance. In 1268, two brothers of the King of Castile left the banners of the Infidels, beneath which they were serving at Tunis, with eight hundred Castilian gentlemen, for the purpose of coming to Italy and assisting the Neapolitans in their resistance to the tyranny of the Pope and Charles of Anjou. In the great schism of the West, as it is called (1378), Pedro IV. embraced the party which the Catholic Church regards as schismatic. That feud was not allayed for more than a hundred years, and Alphonso V. was well paid for consenting to lay it aside; while, down to the time of Charles V., the whole of the Neapolitan Princes of the House of Arragon may be said to have lived in a state of open enmity against the Papal



See;—sometimes excommunicated for generations together—seldom apparently—never cordially reconciled. When, finally, Ferdinand the Catholic made his first attempt to introduce the Inquisition into his kingdom, almost the whole nation took up arms to resist him. The Grand Inquisitor was killed, and every one of his creatures was compelled to leave, for a season, the yet free soil of Arragon.

But the strongest and best proof of the comparative liberality of the old Spaniards is, as I have already said, to be found in their Ballads. Throughout the far greater part of those compositions, there breathes a certain spirit of charity and humanity towards those Moorish enemies with whom the combats of the national heroes are represented. The Spaniards and the Moors lived together in their villages beneath the calmest of skies, and surrounded with the most beautiful of landscapes. In spite of their adverse faiths, in spite of their adverse interests, they had much in common. Loves, and sports, and recreations:—nay, sometimes their haughtiest recollections, were in common, and even their heroes were the same. Bernardo del Carpio, Fernan Gonzalez, the Cid himself—almost every one of the favourite heroes of the Spanish nation, had, at some period or other of his life, fought beneath the standard of the Crescent, and the minstrels of either nation might, therefore, in regard to some instances at least, have equal pride in the celebration of their prowess. The praises which the Arab poets granted to them in



encomiums on Moorish valour and generosity in Castilian and Arragonese Redondillas. Even in the ballads most exclusively devoted to the celebration of feats of Spanish heroism, it is quite common to find some redeeming compliment to the Moors mixed with the strain of exultation. Nay, even in the more remote and ideal chivalries celebrated in the Castilian Ballads, the parts of glory and greatness are almost as frequently attributed to Moors as to Christians;—Calaynos was a name as familiar as Gayferos. At a somewhat later period, when the conquest of Granada had mingled the Spaniards still more effectually with the persons and manners of the Moors, we find the Spanish poets still fonder of celebrating the heroic achievements of their old Saracen rivals; and, without doubt, this their liberality towards the 'Knights of Granada, Gentlemen, albeit Moors,'

Caballeros Granadinos, Aunque Moros hijos d'algo,

must have been very gratifying to the former subjects of 'The Baby King.' It must have counteracted the bigotry of Confessors and Mollahs, and tended to inspire both nations with sentiments of kindness and mutual esteem.

Bernard of Carpio, above all the rest, was the common property and pride of both peoples. Of his all-romantic life, the



most romantic incidents belonged equally to both. It was with Moors that he allied himself when he rose up to demand vengeance from King Alphonso for the murder of his father. It was with Moorish brethren in arms that he marched to fight against the Frankish army for the independence of the Spanish soil. It was in front of a half-Leonese, half-Moorish host, that Bernard couched his lance, victorious alike over valour and magic:—

When Rowland brave and Olivier, And every Paladin and Peer On Roncesvalles died.

A few ballads, unquestionably of Moorish origin, and apparently rather of the romantic than of the historical class, are given in a section by themselves. The originals are valuable, as monuments of the manners and customs of a most singular race. Composed originally by a Moor or a Spaniard—(it is often very difficult to determine by which of the two)—they were sung in the villages of Andalusia in either language, but to the same tunes, and listened to with equal pleasure by man, woman, and child—Mussulman and Christian. In these strains, whatever other merits or demerits they may possess, we are, at least, presented with a lively picture of the life of the Arabian Spaniard. We see him as he was in reality, 'like steel among weapons—like wax among women'—

Fuerte qual azero entre armas, Y qual cera entre las damas.



himself:-



There came, indeed, a time when the fondness of the Spaniards for their Moorish Ballads was made matter of reproach;—but this was not till long after the period when Spanish bravery had won back the last fragments of the Peninsula from Moorish hands. It was thus that a Spanish poet of the after day expressed

Vayase con Dios Gazul! Lleve el diablo à Celindaxa! Y buelvan estas marlotas A quien se las diò prestadas!

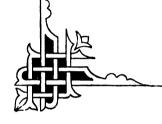
Que quiere Doña Maria Ver baylar a Doña Juana, Una gallarda española, Que no ay dança mas gallarda:

Y Don Pedro y Don Rodrigo Vestir otras mas galanas, Ver quien son estos danzantes Y conocer estas damas;

Y el Señor Alcayde quiere Saber quien es Abenamar, Estos Zegris y Aliatares, Adulces, Zaydes, y Andallas;

Y de que repartimiento Son Celinda y Guadalara, Estos Moros y Estas Moras Que en todas las bodas danzan;

Y por hablarlo mas claro, Assi tenguan buena pascua, Ha venido à su noticia Que ay Cristianos en España.





These sarcasms were not without their answer; for, says another poem in the Romancero General:—

Si es Español Don Rodrigo, Español fue el fuerte Andalla; Y sepa el Señor Alcayde Que tambien lo es Guadalara.

But the best argument follows:-

No es culpa si de los Moros Los valientes hechos cantan, Pues tanto mas resplendecen Nuestras celebras hazañas.

The greater part of the Moorish Ballads refer to the period immediately preceding the downfal of the throne of Granada—the amours of that splendid court—the bull-feasts and other spectacles in which its lords and ladies delighted no less than those of the Christian courts of Spain—the bloody feuds of the two great families of the Zegris and the Abencerrages, which contributed so largely to the ruin of the Moorish cause—and the incidents of that last war itself, in which the power of the Mussulman was entirely overthrown by the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. To some readers it may, perhaps, occur that the part ascribed to Moorish females in these Ballads is not always exactly in the Oriental taste; but the pictures still extant on the walls of the Alhambra contain abundant proofs from unfair it would be to

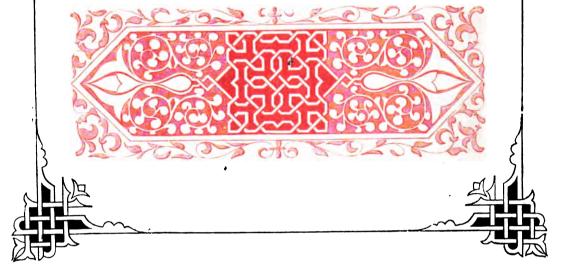


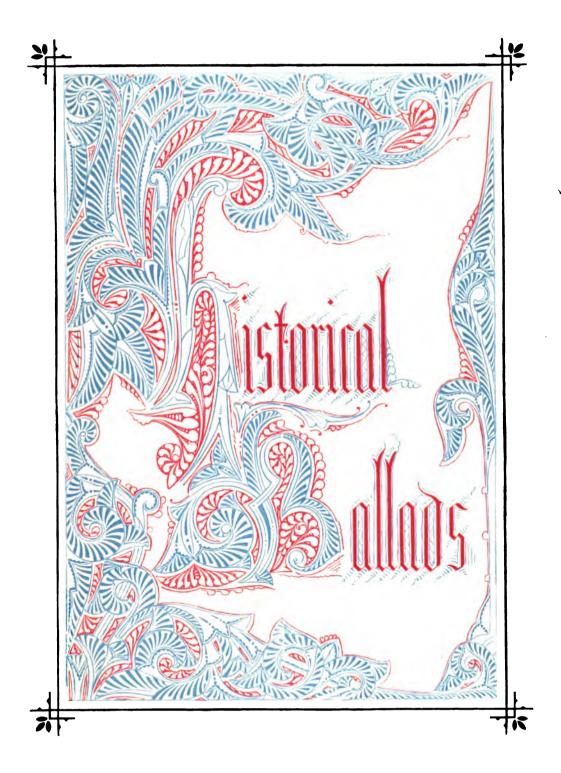
judge from the manners of any Mussulman nation of our day, of those of the refined and elegant Spanish Moors.

The specimens of which the third and largest section consists, are taken from amongst the vast multitude of miscellaneous and romantic ballads in the old Cancioneros. The subjects of a number of these are derived from the fabulous Chronicle of Turpin; and the Knights of Charlemagne's Round-Table appear in all their gigantic lineaments. But the greater part are formed precisely of the same sort of materials which supplied our own ancient ballad-makers.*

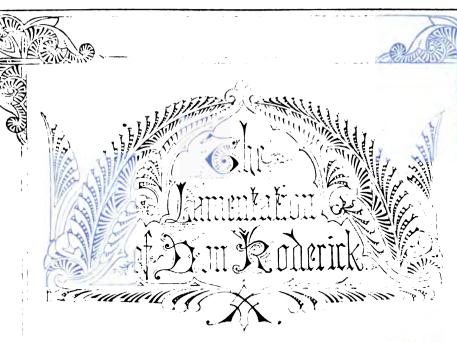
* The reader is referred, for much valuable information concerning the Spanish minstrelsy, to an article on these translations which appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 146:—and which is now known to have been written by Mr. Ford, the learned author of the 'Handbook for Spain.' 1858.

EDINBURGH, 1823.





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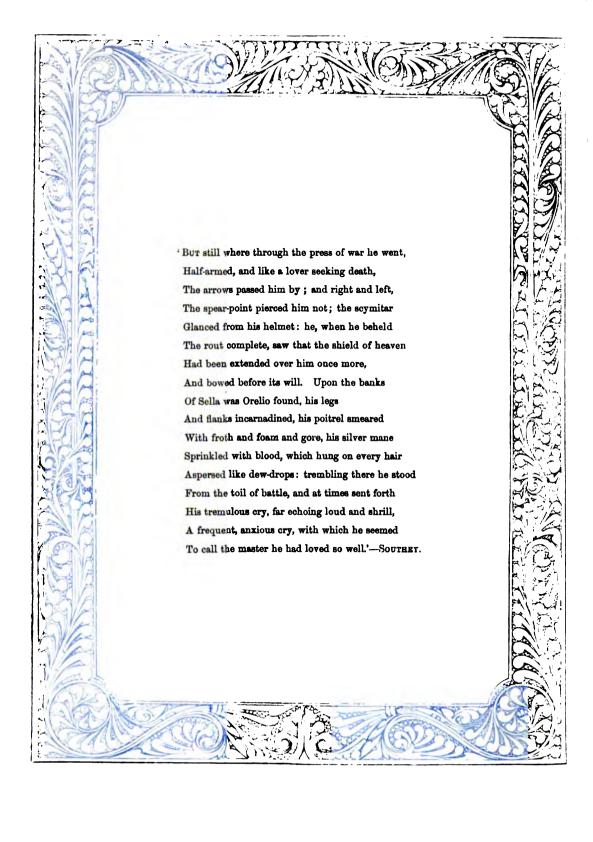


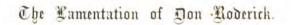


HE treason of Count Julian, and indeed the whole history of King Roderick and the downfal of the Gothic monarchy in Spain, have been so effectually made known to the English reader by Mr. Southey and Sir Walter Scott, that it would be impertinent to say anything of these matters here. The ballad, a version of which follows, appears to be one of the oldest among the great number relating to the Moorish

conquest of Spain. One verse of it is quoted, and several parodied, in the Second Part of Don Quixote, in the inimitable chapter of the Puppet-Show:—

'The general rout of the puppets being over, Don Quixote's fury began to abate; and, with a more pacified countenance, turning to the company, Well now, said he, when all is done, long live knight-errantry; long let it live, I say, above all things whatsoever in this world!—Ay, ay, said Master Peter, in a doleful tone—let it live long for me, so I may die; for why should I live so unhappy as to say with King Rodrigo, Yesterday I was lord of Spain, to-day have not a foot of land I can call mine! It is not half an hour, nay, scarce a moment, since I had kings and emperors at command. I had horses in abundance, and chests and bags full of fine things; but now you see me a poor, sorry, undone man, quite and clean broke and cast down, and, in short, a mere beggar. What is worst of all, I have lost my ape too, who I am sure, will make me sweat ere I catch him again.'





The hosts of Don Rodrigo were scattered in dismay,

When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;

He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,

He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

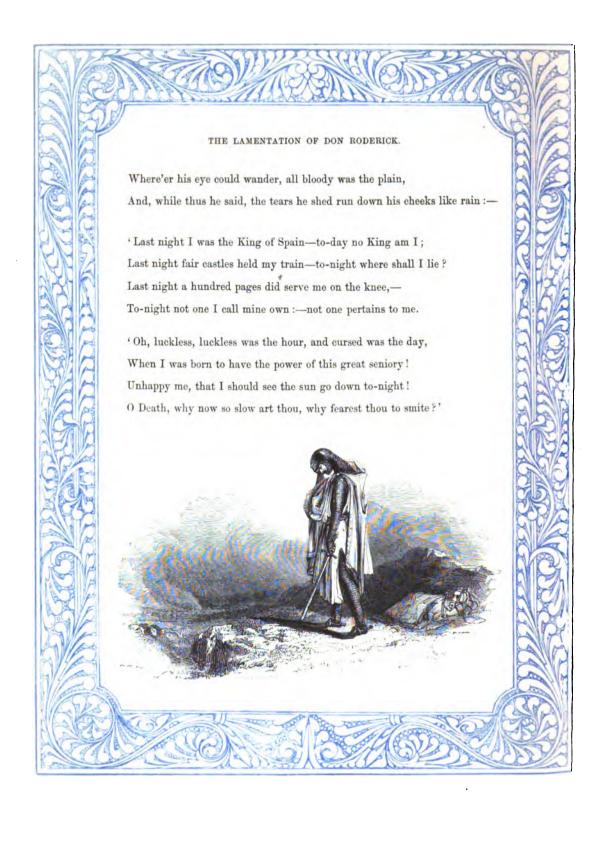
His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame—he could no farther go;
Dismounted, without path or aim, the King stepped to and fro;
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
For, sore athirst and hungry, he staggered faint and sick.

All stained and strewed with dust and blood, like to some smouldering brand Plucked from the flame, Rodrigo showed: his sword was in his hand. But it was hacked into a saw of dark and purple tint;

His jewelled mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

He climbed unto a hill-top, the highest he could see—
Thence all about of that wide rout his last long look took he;
He saw his royal banners, where they lay drenched and torn,
He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's shout of scorn.

He looked for the brave captains that led the hosts of Spain, But all were fled except the dead, and who could count the slain:



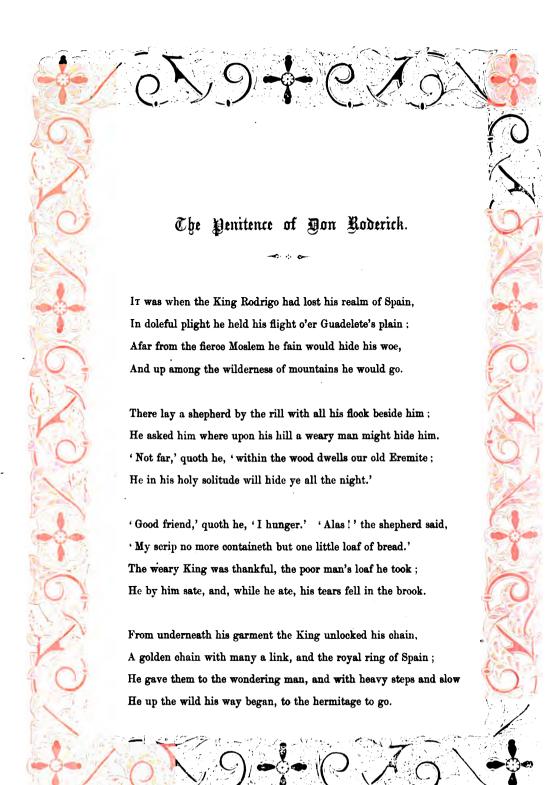


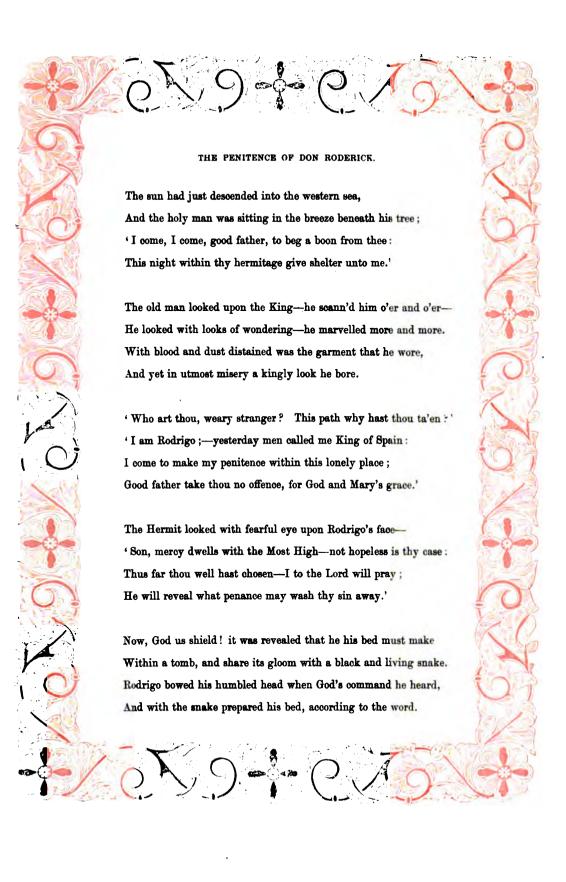


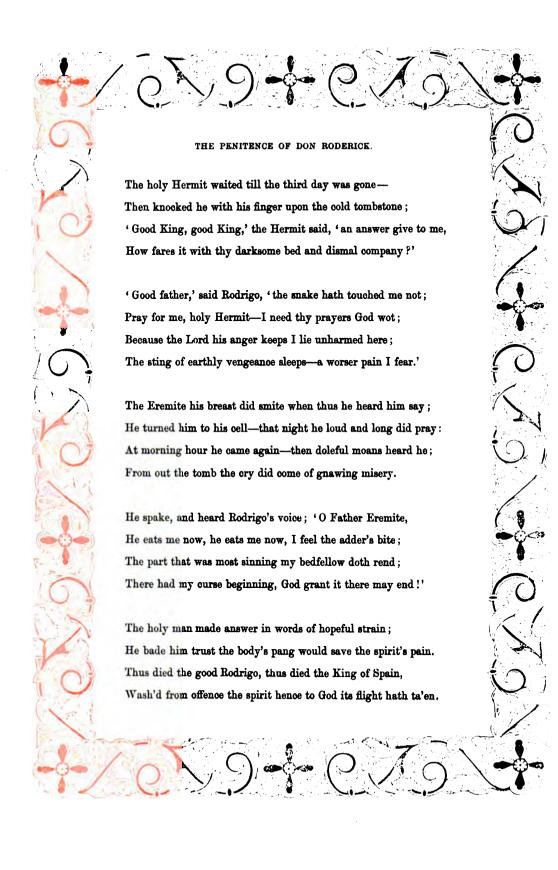
HIS ballad also is quoted in Don Quixote. 'And let me tell you again—(quoth Sancho Panza to the Duchess)—if you don't think fit to give me an island because I am a fool, I will be so wise as not to care whether you do or no. It is an old saying, The Devil lurks behind the cross. All is not gold that glisters. From the tail of the plough Bamba was made King of Spain; and from his silks and riches was

Rodrigo cast to be devoured by the snakes, if the old ballads say true, and sure they are too old to tell a lie.—That they are indeed—(said Doña Rodriguez, the old waiting woman, who listened among the rest)—for I remember, one of the ballads tells us how Don Rodrigo was shut up alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes, and lizards; and how, after two days, he was heard to cry out of the tomb in a loud and doleful voice, Now they eat me, now they gnaw me, in the part where I sinned most. And according to this the gentleman is in the right in saying he had rather be a poor labourer than a king, to be gnawed to death by vermin.'

There is a little difference between the text in the Cancionero, and the copy of the ballad which Doña Rodriguez quotes; but I think the effect is better when there is only one snake than when the tomb is full of them.













F Bernardo del Carpio we find little or nothing in the French romances of Charlemagne. He belongs exclusively to Spanish history, or rather perhaps to Spanish Romance. The continence which procured for Alphonso (who succeeded to the precarious throne of the Christians in the Asturias about 795) the epithet of The Chaste, was not universal in his family. By an intrigue with Sancho Diaz.

Count of Saldaña, or Saldeña, Doña Ximena, sister of this virtuous Prince, bore a son. Some chroniclers attempt to gloss over this incident, by alleging that a private marriage had taken place between the lovers; but King Alphonso, who was well nigh sainted for living only in platonic union with his wife Bertha, took the scandal greatly to heart. He shut up the peccant Princess in a cloister, and imprisoned her gallant in the castle of Luna, where he caused him to be deprived of sight. Fortunately, his wrath did not extend to the offspring of their stolen affections, Bernardo del Carpio. When the youth had grown up to manhood, Alphonso, according to the Spanish chroniclers, invited the Emperor Charlemagne into Spain, and having neglected to raise up heirs for the kingdom of the Goths in the ordinary manner, he proposed the inheritance of his throne as the price of the alliance of Charles. But the nobility, headed by Bernardo, remonstrated against the King's choice of a successor, and would on no account consent to receive a Frenchman as the heir of their crown. Alphonso himself repented of the invitation he had given to Charlemagne, and when that champion of Christendom came to expel the Moors from Spain, he found the conscientious and chaste Alphonso had united with the infidels against him. An engagement took place in the renowned pass of Roncesvalles, in which the French were defeated, and the celebrated Roland, or Orlando, was slain. The victory was ascribed chiefly to the prowess of Bernardo del Carpio.

The following ballad describes the enthusiasm excited among the Leonese, when Bernardo first raised his standard to oppose the progress of Charlemagne's army.





WITH three thousand men of Leon, from the city Bernard goes,
To protect the soil Hispanian from the spear of Frankish foes:
From the city which is planted in the midst between the seas,
To preserve the name and glory of old Pelayo's victories.

The peasant hears upon his field the trumpet of the knight—
He quits his team for spear and shield and garniture of might;
The shepherd hears it 'mid the mist—he flingeth down his crook,
And rushes from the mountain like a tempest-troubled brook.

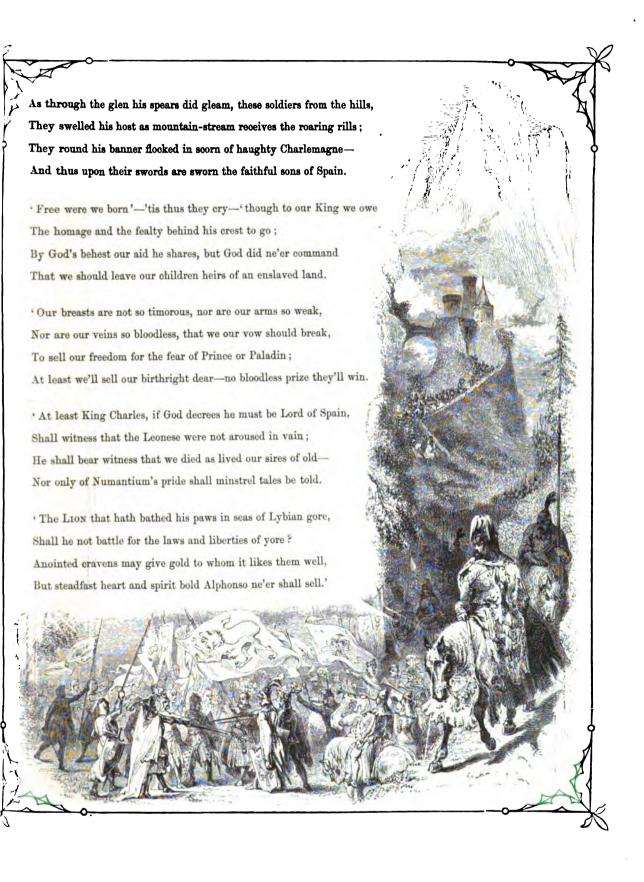
The youth who shows a maiden's chin, whose brows have ne'er been bound.

The helmet's heavy ring within, gains manhood from the sound;

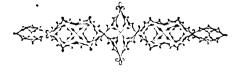
The hoary sire beside the fire forgets his feebleness,

Once more to feel the cap of steel a warrior's ringlets press.









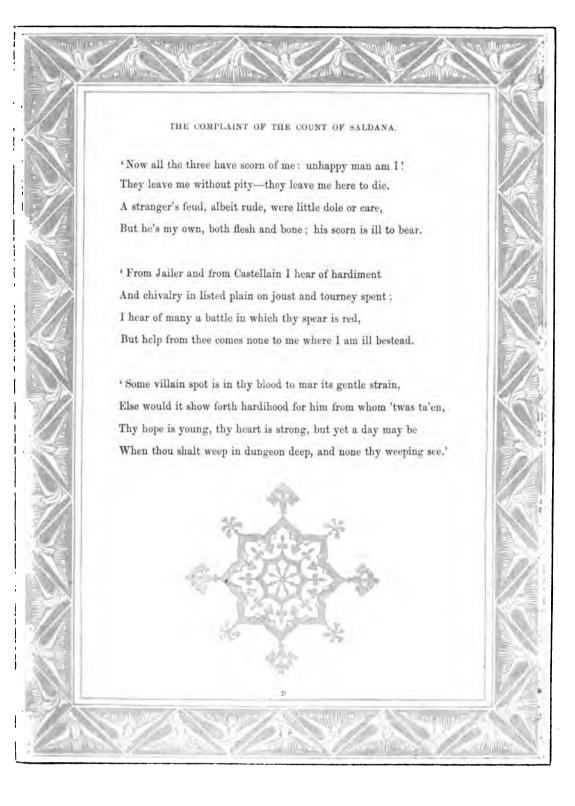


HIS ballad is intended to represent the feelings of Don Sancho, Count of Saldaña, while imprisoned by King Alphonso, and as he supposed, neglected and forgotten both by his wife, or rather mistress, Doña Kimena, and by his son Bernardo del Carpio.

THE Count Don Sancho Diaz, the Signior of Saldane,
Lies weeping in his prison, for he cannot refrain:
King Alphonso and his sister, of both doth he complain,
But most of bold Bernardo, the champion of Spain.

'The weary years I durance brook, how many they have been,
When on these hoary hairs I look may easily be seen;
When they brought me to this castle, my curls were black I ween,
Woe worth the day! they have grown grey these rueful walls between.

'They tell me my Bernardo is the doughtiest lance in Spain,
But if he were my loyal heir, there's blood in every vein
Whereof the voice his heart would hear—his hand would not gainsay;
Though the blood of kings be mixed with mine, it would not have all the sway.



The Kuneral of the Count of Saldana.

William Com



ccording to the Chronicle, Bernardo, being at last wearied out of all patience by the cruelty of which his father was the victim, determined to quit the court of his King and seek an alliance among the Moors. Having fortified himself in the Castle of Carpio, he made continual incursions into the territory of Leon, pillaging and plundering wherever he came. The King at length besieged him in his stronghold;

but the defence was so gallant that there appeared no prospect of success; whereupon many of the gentlemen in Alphonso's camp entreated the King to offer Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, if he would surrender his castle.

Bernardo at once consented; but the King gave orders to have Count Sancho Diaz taken off instantly in his prison. 'When he was dead, they clothed him in splendid attire, mounted him on horseback, and so led him towards Salamanca, where his son was expecting his arrival. As they drew nigh the city, the King and Bernardo rode out to meet them; and when Bernardo saw his father approaching he exclaimed—
O God! is the Count of Saldaña indeed coming!—Look where he is, replied the cruel King; and now go and greet him whom you so long desired to see. Bernardo went forward and took his father's hand to kiss it: but when he felt the dead weight of the hand, and saw the livid face of the corpse, he cried aloud, and said,—Ah, Don San Diaz, in an evil hour didst thou beget me!—Thou art dead, and I have given my stronghold for thee, and now I have lost all.'

The Juneral of the Count of Saldana.

ALL in the centre of the choir Bernardo's knees are bent;

Before him, for his murdered sire yawns the old monument.

His kinsmen of the Carpio blood are kneeling at his back,

With knightly friends and vassals good, all garbed in weeds of black.

He comes to make the obsequies of a basely-slaughtered man,
And tears are running down from eyes whence ne'er before they ran.
His head is bowed upon the stone; his heart, albeit full sore,
Is strong as when in days by-gone he rode o'er Frank and Moor;
And now between his teeth he mutters, that none his words can hear;
And now the voice of wrath he utters in curses loud and clear.

He stoops him o'er his father's shroud, his lips salute the bier;

He communes with the corse aloud, as if none else were near.

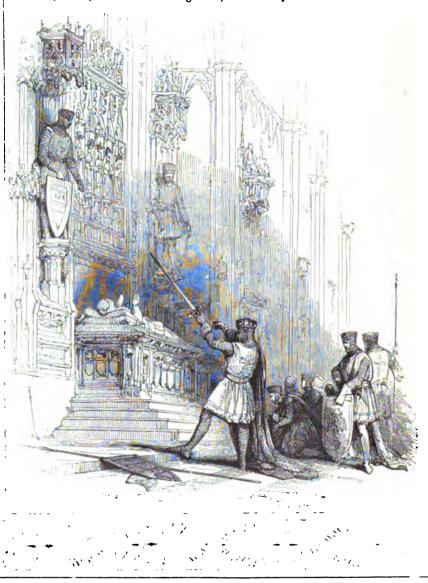
His right hand doth his sword unsheath, his left doth pluck his beard;

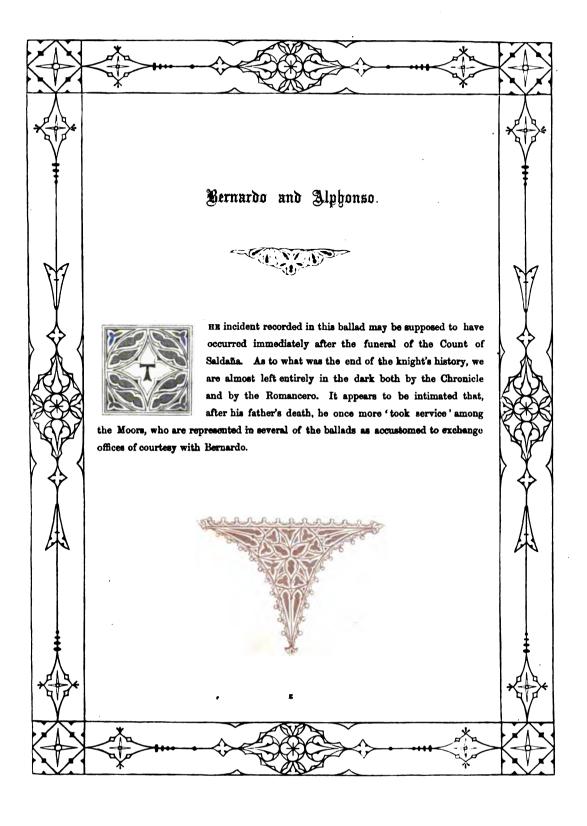
And while his liegemen held their breath, these were the words they heard:—

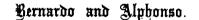
'Go up, go up, thou blessed ghost, into the hands of God;
Go, fear not lest revenge be lost, when Carpio's blood hath flowed;

THE FUNERAL OF THE COUNT OF SALDANA.

The steel that drank the blood of France, the arm thy foe that shielded, Still, father, thirsts that burning lance, and still thy son can wield it.'









With some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appeared Before them all in the palace hall, the lying King to beard; With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverent guise, But ever and anon he frowned, and flame broke from his eyes.

'A curse upon thee,' ories the King, 'who comest unbid to me;
But what from traitor's blood should spring save traitors like to thee:
His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance our champion brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave.'

'Whoever told this tale the King hath rashness to repeat,'
Cries Bernard, 'here my gage I fling before THE LIAR'S feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood—no stain in mine doth lie:
Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny?

'The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves of France:
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval—
Your words, Lord King, are recompense abundant for it all.



- 'Your horse was down—your hope was flown—I saw the falchion shine,
 That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured mine;
 But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate;
 You've thanked the son for life and crown by the father's bloody fate.
- 'Ye swore upon your Kingly faith to set Don Sancho free;
 But, curse upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did see;
 He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
 And visage blind and stiffened limb were all they gave to me.
- 'The King that swerveth from his word hath stained his purple black;
 No Spanish lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back;
 But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show—
 The King hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe.'
- 'Seize, seize him!' loud the King doth scream: 'There are a thousand here!

 Let his foul blood this instant stream:—What, caitiffs, do ye fear?

 Seize, seize the traitor!'—But not one to move a finger dareth;

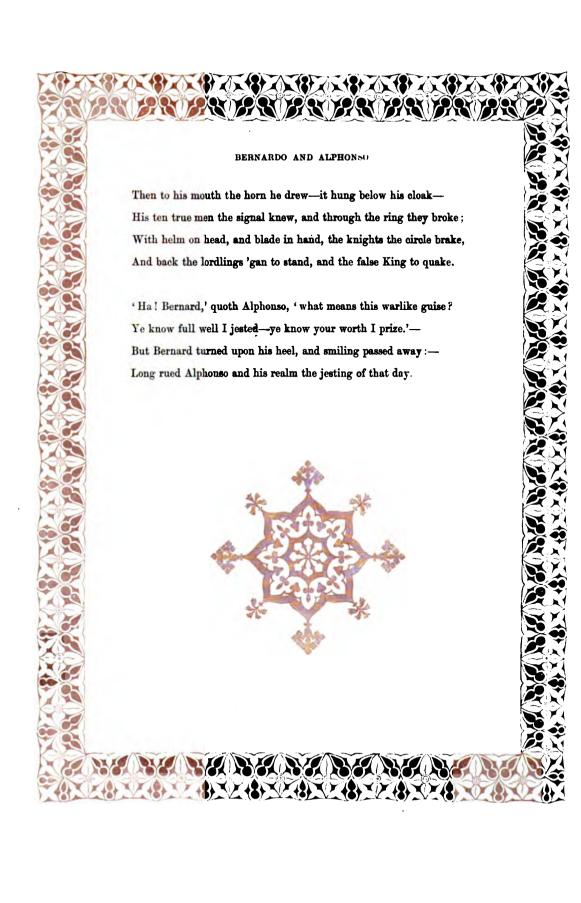
 Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

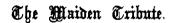
He drew the falchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,

And all the hall was still as death:—cries Bernard, 'Here am I—

And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting heaven and me;

Fain would I know who dares his point—King, Condé, or Grandee.'





HE reign of King Ramiro was short, but glorious. He had not been many months seated on the throne, when Abderahman, the second of that name, sent a formal embassy to demand payment of an odious and ignominious tribute, which had been agreed to in the days of former and weaker princes, but which, it should seem, had not been exacted by the Moora while such men as Bernardo del Carpio and

Alphonso the Great headed the forces of the Christians. This tribute was a hundred virgins per annum. King Ramiro refused compliance, and marched to meet the army of Abderahman. The battle was fought near Albayda, (or Alveida), and lasted for two entire days. On the first day, the superior discipline of the Saracen chivalry had nearly accomplished a complete victory, when the approach of night separated the combatants. During the night, Saint Iago stood in a vision before the King, and promised to be with him next morning in the field. Accordingly, the warlike apostle made his appearance, mounted on a milk-white charger, and armed cap-a-pee in radiant mail, like a true knight. The Moors sustained a signal defeat, and the Maiden Tribute was never afterwards paid, although often enough demanded. Such is, in substance, the story as narrated by Mariana, (see Book vii. chap. 13,) who fixes the date of the battle of Alveida in the year 844, being the second year after the accession of King Ramiro.

Mr. Southey observes that there is no mention of this battle of Alveida in the three authors who lived nearest the time; but adds, that the story of Santiago's making his first appearance in a field of battle on the Christian side is related at length by King Ramiro himself in a charter granting a perpetual tribute of wine, corn, &c., to the Church of Compostella. Mr. Southey says that the only old ballad he has seen in the Portuguese language is founded upon a story of a Maiden Tribute. See the notes to his Chronicle of the Cid, p. 377.



The Maiden Tribute.

THE noble King Ramiro within the chamber sate
One day, with all his barons, in council and debate,
When, without leave or guidance of usher or of groom,
There came a comely maiden into the council-room.

She was a comely maiden—she was surpassing fair;

All loose upon her shoulders hung down her golden hair;

From head to foot her garments were white as white may be;

And while they gazed in silence, thus in the midst spake she.

¹ Sir King, I crave your pardon, if I have done amiss In venturing before ye, at such an hour as this; But I will tell my story, and when my words ye hear, I look for praise and honour, and no rebuke I fear.

'I know not if I'm bounden to call thee by the name
Of Christian, King Ramiro; for, though thou dost not claim
A heathen realm's allegiance, a heathen sure thou art—
Beneath a Spaniard's mantle thou hidest a Moorish heart.

THE MAIDEN TRIBUTE.

'For he who gives the Moor-King a hundred maids of Spain,
Each year when in its season the day comes round again—
If he be not a heathen, he swells the heathen's train;
'Twere better burn a kingdom than suffer such disdain.

'If the Moslem must have tribute, make men your tribute-money, Send idle drones to teaze them within their hives of honey; For when 'tis paid with maidens, from every maid there spring Some five or six strong soldiers to serve the Moorish King.

'It is but little wisdom to keep our men at home—
They serve but to get damsels, who, when their day is come,
Must go, like all the others, the heathen's bed to sleep in—
In all the rest they're useless, and no wise worth the keeping.

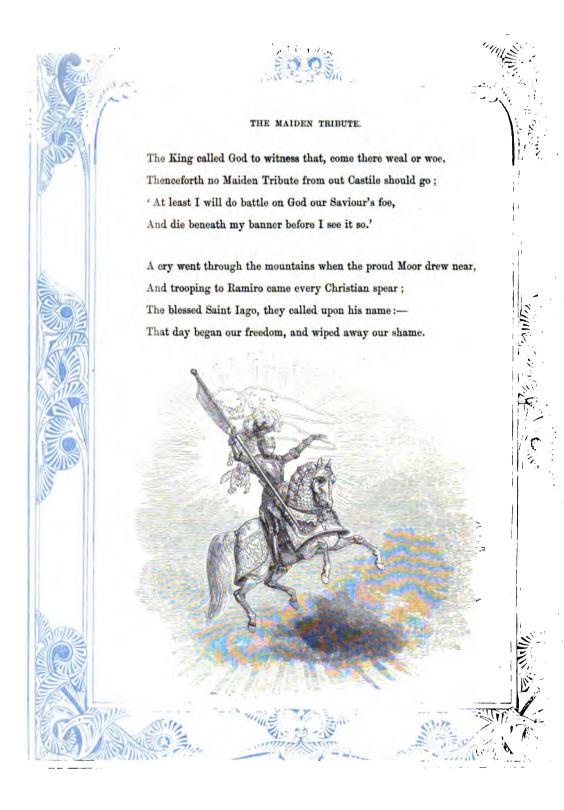
'And if 'tis fear of battle that makes ye bow so low,
And suffer such dishonour from God our Saviour's foe,
I pray you, sirs, take warning—ye'll have as good a fright
If e'er the Spanish damsels arise themselves to right.

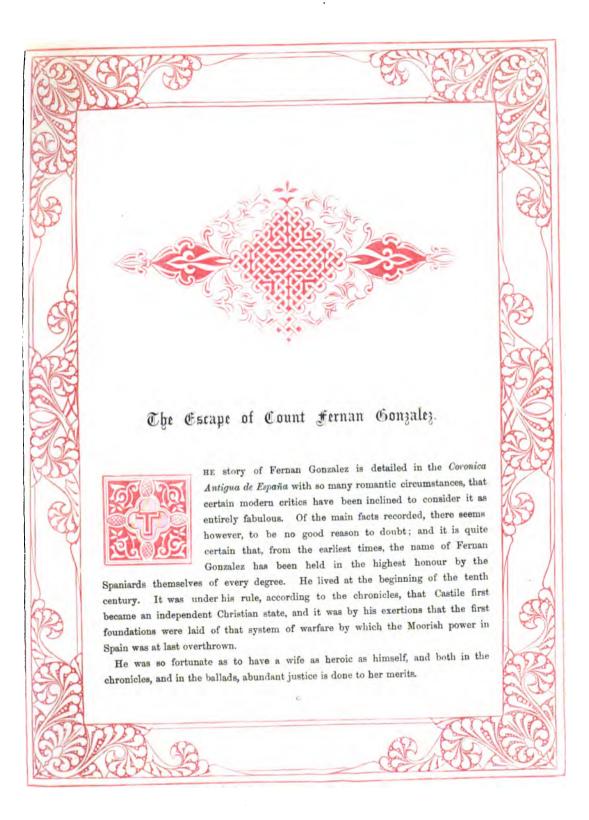
'Tis we have manly courage within the breasts of women,
But ye are all hare-hearted, both gentlemen and yeomen.'—
Thus spake that fearless maiden; I wot when she was done,
Uprose the King Ramiro and his nobles every one.















THE ESCAPE OF COUNT FERNAN GONZALEZ.

She twice rescued Fernan Gonzalez from confinement, at the risk of her own life. He had asked, or designed to ask her hand in marriage of her father, Garcias, King of Navarre, and was on his way to that prince's court when he was seized and cast into a dungeon, in consequence of the machinations of his enemy, the Queen of Leon, sister to the King of Navarre-Sancha, the young princess, to whose alliance he had aspired, being informed of the cause of his journey, and of the sufferings to which it had exposed him, determined, at all hazards, to effect his liberation; and having done so, by bribing his jailer, she accompanied his flight to Castile.—Many years after, he fell into an ambush prepared for him by the same implacable enemy, and was again a fast prisoner in Leon. His countess, feigning a pilgrimage to Compostella, obtained leave, in the first place, to pass through the hostile territory, and afterwards, in the course of her progress, to spend one night in the castle where her husband was confined. She exchanged clothes with him: and he was so fortunate as to pass in his disguise through the guards who attended on him-his courageous wife remaining in his place-exactly in the same manner in which the Countess of Nithsdale effected the escape of her lord from the Tower of London, on the 23rd of February, 1715.

There is, as might be supposed, a whole body of old ballads concerning the adventures of Fernan Gonzalez. I shall, as a specimen, translate one of the shortest—that in which the first of his romantic escapes is described.





The Escape of Count Fernan Gonzalez.



They have carried afar into Navarre the great Count of Castile,

And they have bound him sorely, they have bound him hand and heel;

The tidings up the mountains go, and down among the valleys,

'To the rescue! to the rescue, ho!—they have ta'en Fernan Gonzalez!'

A pilgrim knight of Normandy was riding through Navarre,
For Christ his hope he came to cope with the Moorish scymitar;
To the Alcaydé of the Tower, in secret thus said he,
'These bezaunts fair with thee I'll share, so I this lord may see.'

The Alcaydé was full joyful—he took the gold full soon;

He brought him to the dungeon, ere the rising of the moon—

He let him out at morning, at the gray light of the prime—

But many words between these lords had passed within that time.

The Norman knight rides swiftly, for he hath made him bowne

To a King that is full joyous, and to a feastful town:



THE ESCAPE OF COUNT FERNAN GONZALEZ.

For there is joy and feasting because that lord is ta'en— King Garci in his dungeon holds the doughtiest lord in Spain.

The Norman feasts among the guests, but, at the evening tide,
He speaks to Garci's daughter, within her bower, aside;—
'Now God forgive us, lady, and God his mother dear,
For on a day of sorrow we have been blithe of cheer.

'The Moors may well be joyful, but great should be our grief,
For Spain has lost her guardian, when Castile has lost her chief;
The Moorish host is pouring like a river o'er the land—
Curse on the Christian fetters that bind Gonzalez' hand!

'Gonzalez loves thee, lady,—he loved thee long ago,
But little is the kindness that for his love you show;
The curse that lies on Cava's * head, it may be shared by thee;—
Arise, let love with love be paid, and set Gonzalez free.'—

The lady answered little, but at the mirk of night,
When all her maids are sleeping, she hath risen and ta'en her flight;
She hath tempted the Alcaydé with her jewels and her gold,
And unto her his prisoner that Jailer false hath sold.

* Caba, or Cava, the unfortunate daughter of Count Julian. No child in Spain was ever christened by that ominous name after the downfal of the Gothic kingdom.

THE ESCAPE OF COUNT FERNAN GONZALEZ

She took Gonzalez by the hand at the dawning of the day,

She said, 'Upon the heath you stand—before you lies your way;

But if I to my father go, alas! what must I do?

My father will be angry—I fain would go with you.'—

He hath kissed the Infanta—he hath kissed her brow and cheek,
And lovingly together the forest-path they seek;
Till in the greenwood hunting they met a lordly priest,
With his bugle at his girdle, and his hawk upon his wrist.

- 'Now stop! now stop!' the priest he said—(he knew them both right well)
- 'Now stop, and pay your ransom, or I your flight will tell;

 Now stop, thou fair Infanta, for, if my words you scorn,

 I'll give warning to the foresters with the blowing of my horn.'—

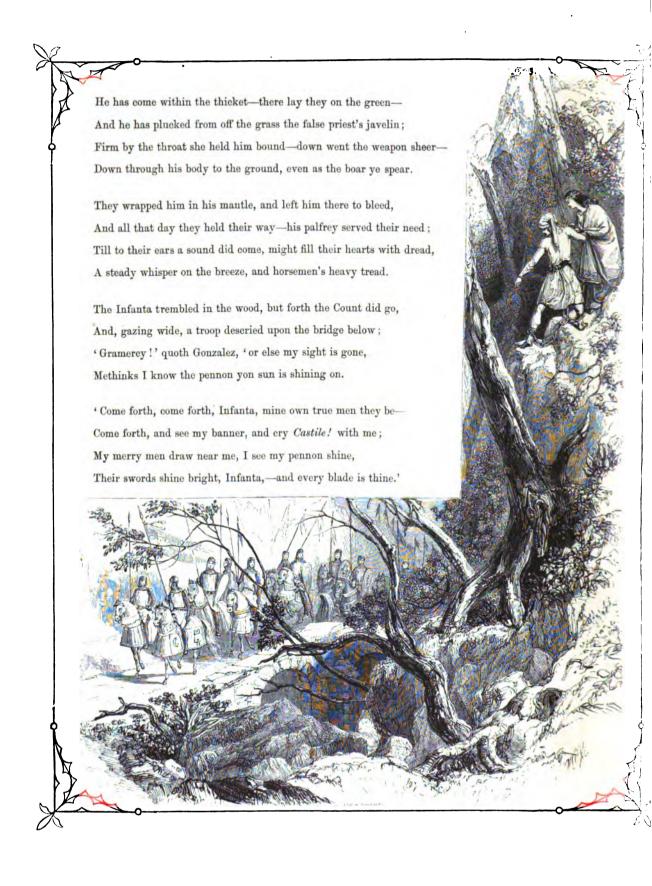
The base priest's word Gonzalez heard; 'Now, by the rood!' quoth he.

'A hundred deaths I'll suffer, or ere this thing shall be.'—

But in his ear she whispered, she whispered soft and slow,

And to the priest she beckoned within the wood to go.

It was ill with Count Gonzalez, the fetters pressed his knees;
Yet as he could he followed within the shady trees;—
'For help, for help, Gonzalez!—for help,' he hears her cry,
'God aiding, fast I'll hold thee, until my lord come nigh.'







The Seben Bends.

T was,' says Mariana, 'in the year 986, that the seven most noble brothers, commonly called the infants of Lara, were slain by the treachery of Ruy Velasquez, who was their uncle, for they were the sons of his sister, Doña Sancha. By the father's side, they were sprung from the Counts of Castile, through the Count Don Diego Porcellos, from whose daughter and Nuñe

Pelchides there came two sons, namely, Nuño Rasura, great-grandfather of the Count Garci Fernandez, and Gustio Gonzalez. The last-named gentleman was father of Gonzalo Gustio, Lord of Salas of Lara; and his sons were those seven brothers famous in the history of Spain, not more by reason of their deeds of prowess, than of the disastrous death which was their fortune. They were all knighted in the same day by the Count Don Garcia, according to the fashion which prevailed in those days, and more especially in Spain.

'Now it happened that Ruy Velasquez, Lord of Villaren, celebrated his nuptials in Burgos with Dofia Lambra, a lady of very high birth from the



THE SEVEN HEADS. .

country of Briviesca, and, indeed, a cousin-german to the Count Garci Fernandez himself. The feast was splendid, and great was the concourse of principal gentry; and among others were present the Count Garci Fernandez and those seven brothers, with Gonzalo Gustio, their father.

'From some trivial occasion, there arose a quarrel between Gonzalez, the youngest of the seven brothers, on the one hand, and a relation of Doña Lambra, by name Alvar Sanchez, on the other, without, however, any very serious consequences at the time. But Doña Lambra conceived herself to have been insulted by the quarrel, and in order to revenge herself, when the seven brothers were come as far as Barvadiello, riding in her train the more to do her honour, she ordered one of her slaves to throw at Gonzalez a wild cucumber soaked in blood, a heavy insult and outrage, according to the then existing customs and opinions of Spain. The slave, having done as he was bid, fled for protection to his lady, Doña Lambra; but that availed him nothing, for they slew him within the very folds of her garment.

'Ruy Velasquez, who did not witness these things with his own eyes, no sooner returned, than, filled with wrath on account of this slaughter, and of the insult to his bride, he began to devise how he might avenge himself of the seven brothers.

'With semblances of peace and friendship, he concealed his mortal hatred; and, after a time, Gonzalo Gustio, the father, was sent by him, suspecting nothing, to Cordova. The pretence was to bring certain moneys which had been promised to Ruy Velasquez by the barbarian King, but the true purpose, that he might be put to death at a distance from his own country; for Ruy Velasquez asked the Moor to do this, in letters written in the Arabic tongue, of which Gonzalo was made the bearer. The Moor, however, whether moved to have compassion on the gray hairs of so principal a gentleman, or desirous of at least making a show of humanity, did not slay Gonzalo, but contented himself with imprisoning him. Nor was his durance of the strictest, for a certain sister of the Moorish King found ingress, and held communication with him there; and from that conversation, it is said, sprung Mudara Gonzalez, author and founder of that most noble Spanish lineage of the Manriques.

'But the fierce spirit of Ruy Velasquez was not satisfied with the tribulations of Gonzalo Gustio; he carried his rage still farther. Pretending to make an incursion into the Moorish country, he led into an ambuscade the





THE SEVEN HEADS.

seven brothers, who had, as yet, conceived no thought of his treacherous intentions. It is true that Nufio Sallido, their grandfather, had cautioned them with many warnings, for he indeed, suspected the deceit; but it was in vain, for so God willed or permitted. They had some two hundred horsemen with them, of their vassals, but these were nothing against the great host of Moors that set upon them from the ambuscade; and although, when they found how it was, they acquitted themselves like good gentlemen, and slew many, they could accomplish nothing except making the victory dear to their enemies. They were resolved to avoid the shame of captivity, and were all slain, together with their grandfather Sallido. Their heads were sent to Cordova, an agreeable present to that King, but a sight of misery to their aged father, who, being brought into the place where they were, recognized them in spite of the dust and blood with which they were disfigured. It is true, nevertheless, that he derived some benefit therefrom; for the King, out of the compassion which he felt, set him at liberty to depart to his own country.

'Mudara, the son born to Gonzalo (out of wedlock) by the sister of the Moor, when he had attained the age of fourteen years, was prevailed on by his mother to go in search of his father; and he it was that avenged the death of his seven brothers, by slaying with his own hand Ruy Velasquez, the author of that calamity. Dofia Lambra likewise, who had been the original cause of all those evils, was stoned to death by him and burnt.

'By this vengeance which he took for the murder of his seven brothers, he so won to himself the good-liking of his father's wife, Doña Sancha, and of all the kindred, that he was received and acknowledged as heir to the signories of his father. Doña Sancha herself adopted him as her son, and the manner of the adoption was thus, not less memorable than rude:—The same day that he was baptized, and stricken knight by Garci Fernandez, Count of Castile, the lady made use of this ceremony:—she drew him within a very wide smock by the sleeve, and thrust his head forth at the neck-band, and then kissing him on the face, delivered him to the family as her own child.

'In the cloister of the monastery of Saint Peter of Arlanza they show the sepulchre of Mudara. But concerning the place where his seven brothers were buried there is a dispute between the members of that house and those of the Monastery of Saint Millan at Cogolla.'—(Mariana, Book viii., Chap. 9.)







THE SEVEN HEADS.

Such is Mariana's edition of the famous story of the Infants of Lara, a story which, next to the legends of the Cid, and of Bernardo del Carpio, appears to have furnished the most favourite subjects of the old Spanish minstrels.

The ballad, a translation of which follows, relates to a part of the history briefly alluded to by Mariana. In the Chronicle we are informed more minutely that, after the Seven Infants were slain, Almanzor, King of Cordova, invited his prisoner, Gonsalo Gustio, to feast with him in his palace; but when the Baron of Lara came, in obedience to the royal invitation, he found the heads of his sons set forth in chargers on the table. The old man reproached the King bitterly for the cruelty and baseness of this proceeding, and suddenly snatching a sword from the side of one of the royal attendants, sacrificed to his wrath, ere he could be disarmed and fettered, thirteen of the Moors who surrounded the person of Almanzor.

Forty highly spirited engravings of scenes in this romantic history, by Tempesta, after designs of Otto Van Veen, were published at Antwerp, in 1612.







The Seven Beads.

'Who bears such heart of baseness, a king I'll never call—
Thus spake Gonzalo Gustos within Almanzor's hall;
To the proud Moor Almanzor, within his kingly hall,
The gray-haired Knight of Lara thus spake before them all:

'In courteous guise, Almanzor, your messenger was sent,
And courteous was the answer with which from me he went;
For why?—I thought the word he brought of a knight and of a king;
But false Moor henceforth never me to his feast shall bring.

'Ye bade me to your banquet, and I at your bidding came;

Accursed be the villany, eternal be the shame—

For ye have brought an old man forth, that he your sport might be:

Thank God, I cheat you of your joy—thank God, no tear you see.

THE SEVEN HEADS.

'My gallant boys,' quoth Lara, 'it is a heavy sight

These dogs have brought your father to look upon this night;

Seven gentler boys, nor braver, were never nursed in Spain,

And blood of Moors, God rest your souls, ye shed on her like rain.

'Some currish plot, some trick (God wot!) hath laid you all so low.

Ye died not all together in one fair battle so;

Not all the misbelievers ever pricked upon you plain

The seven brave boys of Lara in open field had slain.

'The youngest and the weakest, Gonzalez dear! wert thou—Yet well this false Almanzor remembers thee, I trow;
Oh, well doth he remember how on his helmet rung
Thy fiery mace, Gonzalez! although thou wert so young.

'Thy gallant horse had fallen, and thou hadst mounted thee
Upon a stray one in the field—his own true barb had he;
Oh, hadst thou not pursued his flight upon that runaway,
Ne'er had the caitiff 'scaped that night, to mock thy sire to-day.

'False Moor, I am thy captive thrall; but when thou badest me forth.

To share the banquet in thy hall, I trusted in the worth

Of kingly promise.—Think'st thou not my God will hear my prayer?—

Lord! branchless be (like mine) his tree—yea, branchless, Lord, and bare!'

THE SEVEN HEADS.

So prayed the baron in his ire, but when he looked again,

Then burst the sorrow of the sire, and tears ran down like rain;

Wrath no more could check the sorrow of the old and childless man,

And like waters in a furrow, down his checks the salt tears ran.

He took their heads up one by one—he kissed them o'er and o'er,
And aye ye saw the tears down run—I wot that grief was sore.

He closed the lids on their dead eyes all with his fingers frail,
And handled all their bloody curls, and kissed their lips so pale.

'Oh, had ye died all by my side upon some famous day,

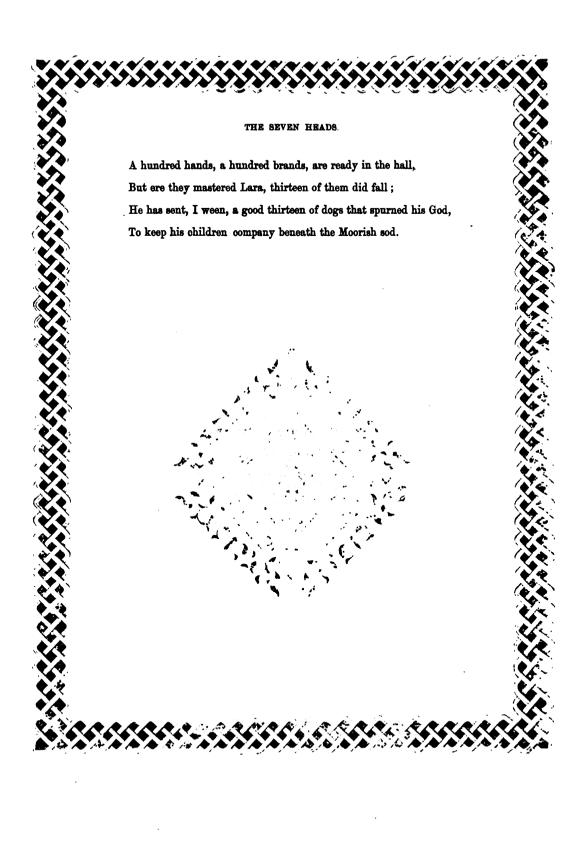
My fair young men, no weak tears then had washed your blood away!

The trumpet of Castile had drowned the misbelievers' horn,

And the last of all the Lara's line a Gothic spear had borne.'

With that it chanced a Moor drew near, to lead him from the place—Old Lara stooped him down once more, and kissed Gonzalez' face;
But ere the man observed him, or could his gesture bar,
Sudden he from his side had grasped that Moslem's sevmitar.

Oh! swiftly from its scabbard the crooked blade he drew,
And, like some frantic creature, among them all he flew;—
'Where, where is false Almanzor?—back, bastards of Mahoun!'—
And here and there, in his despair, the old man hewed them down.





The Vengeance of Mudara.



HIS is another of the many ballads concerning the Infants of Lara. One verse of it—

— El espera que tu diste a los Infantes de Lara! Aqui moriras traydor enemigo de Donna Sancha,

—is quoted by Sancho Panza, in one of the last chapters of Don Quixote.

To the chase goes Rodrigo with hound and with hawk;
But what game he desires is revealed in his talk:
'Oh, in vain have I slaughtered the Infants of Lara;
There's an heir in his hall—there's the bastard Mudara—
There's the son of the renegade—spawn of Mahoun—
If I meet with Mudara, my spear brings him down.'



While Rodrigo rides on in the heat of his wrath,

A stripling, armed cap-a-pee, crosses his path:

- 'Good morrow, young esquire.'- 'Good morrow, old knight.'-
- 'Will you ride with our party, and share our delight?'-
- 'Speak your name, courteous stranger,' the stripling replied;
- 'Speak your name and your lineage, ere with you I ride.'-
- 'My name is Rodrigo,' thus answered the knight;
- Of the line of old Lara, though barred from my right;

For the kinsman of Salas proclaims for the heir

Of our ancestor's castles and forestries fair.

A bastard, a renegade's offspring-Mudara-

Whom I'll send, if I can, to the Infants of Lara.'-

- 'I behold thee, disgrace to thy lineage!-with joy,
- 'I behold thee, thou murderer!' answered the boy-
- 'The bastard you curse, you behold him in me;

But his brothers' avenger that bastard shall be!

Draw! for I am the renegade's offspring, Mudara-

We shall see who inherits the life-blood of Lara!'

'I am armed for the forest-chase-not for the fight;

Let me go for my shield and my sword,' cries the knight ;-

Now the mercy you dealt to my brothers of old,

Be the hope of that mercy the comfort you hold;

Die, foeman to Sancha-die, traitor to Lara!'-

As he spake, there was blood on the spear of Mudara.

The Wedding of the Ludy Theresu.

HE following passage occurs in Mariana's History (Book viii. Chap. 5):— 'There are who affirm that this Moor's name was Abdalla, and that he had to wife Doña Theresa, sister to Alphonso, King of Leon, with consent of that prince. Great and flagrant dishonour! The purpose was to gain new strength to his kingdom by this Moorish alliance; but some pretences were set forth that Abdalla

had exhibited certain signs of desiring to be a Christian, that in a short time he was to be baptized, and the like.

The Lady Theresa, deceived with these representations, was conducted to Toledo, where the nuptials were celebrated in great splendour, with games and sports, and a banquet, which lasted until night. The company having left the tables, the bride was then carried to bed; but when the amorous Moor drew near to her-'Away,' said she; 'let such heavy calamity, such baseness, be far from me! One of two things must be-either be baptized, thou with thy people, and then come to my arms, or, refusing to do so, keep away from me for ever. If otherwise, fear the vengeance of men, who will not overlook my insult and suffering; and the wrath of God, above all, which will follow the violation of a Christian lady's chastity. Take good heed, and let not luxury, that smooth pest, be thy ruin.' But the Moor took no heed of her words, and lay with her against her will. The Divine vengeance followed swiftly, for there fell on him a severe malady, and he well knew within himself from what cause it arose. Immediately he sent back Doña Theresa to her brother's house, with great gifts which he had bestowed on her; but she made herself a nun, in the Convent of Las Huelgas (near Burgos,) and there passed the remainder of her days in pious labours and devotions, in which she found her consolation for the outrage which had been committed on her.'

The ballad of which a translation follows, tells the same story :-

En los reynos de Leon el quinto Alfonso reynava, &c.



The Wedding of the Lady Theresa.

and --- was

'Twas when the fifth Alphonso in Leon held his sway,
King Abdallah of Toledo an embassy did send;
He asked his sister for a wife, and in an evil day
Alphonso sent her, for he feared Abdallah to offend;
He feared to move his anger, for many times before
He had received in danger much succour from the Moor.

Sad heart had fair Theresa when she their paction knew;

With streaming tears she heard them tell she 'mong the Moors must go;

That she, a Christian damosell, a Christian firm and true,

Must wed a Moorish husband, it well might cause her wo;

But all her tears and all her prayers they are of small avail:

At length she for her fate prepares, a victim sad and pale.

THE WEDDING OF THE LADY THERESA

The King hath sent his sister to fair Toledo town,

Where then the Moor Abdallah his royal state did keep;

When she drew near, the Moslem from his golden throne came down,

And courteously received her, and bade her cease to weep;

With loving words he pressed her to come his bower within;

With kisses he caressed her, but still she feared the sin.

- 'Sir King, Sir King, I pray thee '—'twas thus Theresa spake—
 'I pray thee have compassion, and do to me no wrong;

 For sleep with thee I may not, unless the vows I break

 Whereby I to the holy church of Christ my Lord belong;

 But thou hast sworn to serve Mahoun, and if this thing should be,

 The curse of God it must bring down upon thy realm and thee.
- 'The Angel of Christ Jesu, to whom my heavenly Lord
 Hath given my soul in keeping, is ever by my side;
 If thou dost me dishonour, he will unsheath his sword,
 And smite thy body fiercely, at the crying of thy bride.
 Invisible he standeth; his sword, like fiery flame,
 Will penetrate thy bosom, the hour that sees my shame.'—

The Moslem heard her with a smile; the earnest words she said He took for bashful maiden's wile, and drew her to his bower. In vain Theresa prayed and strove—she pressed Abdallah's bed, Perforce received his kiss of love, and lost her maiden flower.

THE WEDDING OF THE LADY THERESA.

A woful woman there she lay, a loving lord beside, And earnestly to God did pray her succour to provide.

The Angel of Christ Jesu her sore complaint did hear,

And plucked his heavenly weapon from out his sheath unseen;

He waved the brand in his right hand, and to the King came near,

And drew the point o'er limb and joint, beside the weeping Queen.

A mortal weakness from the stroke upon the King did fall:—

He could not stand when daylight broke, but on his knees must crawl.

Abdallah shuddered inly, when he this sickness felt,

And called upon his barons, his pillow to come nigh;

'Rise up,' he said, 'my liegemen,' as round his bed they knelt,

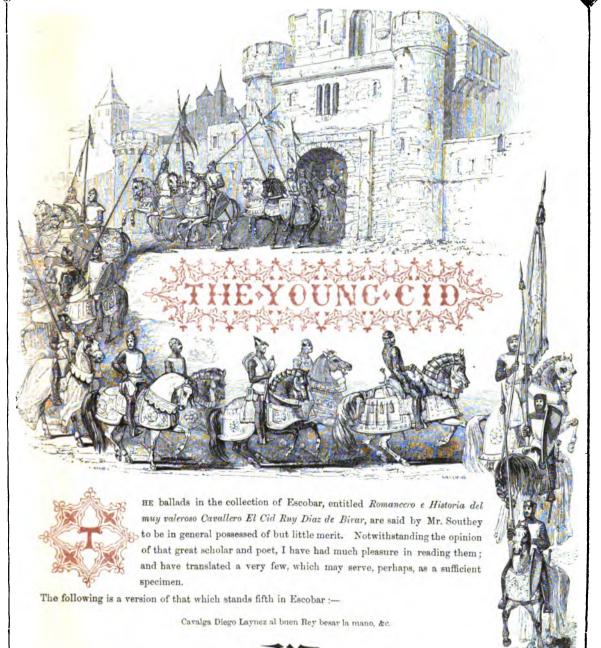
'And take this Christian lady, else certainly I die;

Let gold be in your girdles, and precious stones beside,

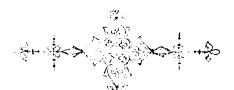
And swiftly ride to Leon, and render up my bride.'—

When they were come to Leon, Theresa would not go
Into her brother's dwelling, where her maiden years were spent;
But o'er her downcast visage a white veil she did throw,
And to the ancient nunnery of Las Huelgas went.
There long, from worldly eyes retired, a holy life she led;
There she, an aged saint, expired—there sleeps she with the dead.









Now rides Diego Laynez to kiss the good King's hand;

Three hundred men of gentry go with him from his land;

Among them, young Rodrigo, the proud Knight of Bivar;

The rest on mules are mounted, he on his horse of war.

They ride in glittering gowns of soye—he harnessed like a lord;

There is no gold about the boy, but the crosslet of his sword;

The rest have gloves of sweet perfume—he gauntlets strong of mail;

They broidered cap and flaunting plume—he crest untaught to quail.

All talking with each other thus along their way they passed,
But now they've come to Burgos, and met the King at last;
When they came near his nobles, a whisper through them ran—
'He rides amidst the gentry that slew the Count Lozan.'

TOMOMOMOMOMOME

THE YOUNG CID.

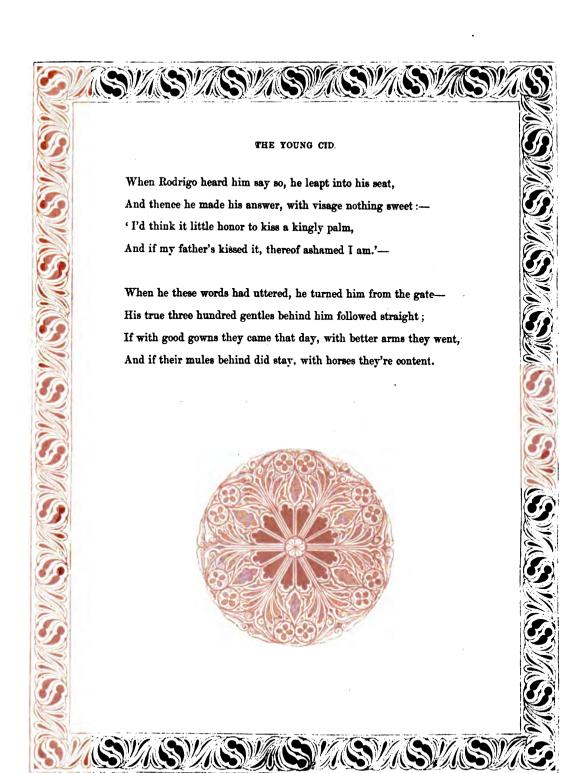
With very haughty gesture Rodrigo reined his horse,
Right scornfully he shouted, when he heard them so discourse;—
'If any of his kinsmen or vassals dare appear,
The man to give them answer, on horse or foot, is here.'—

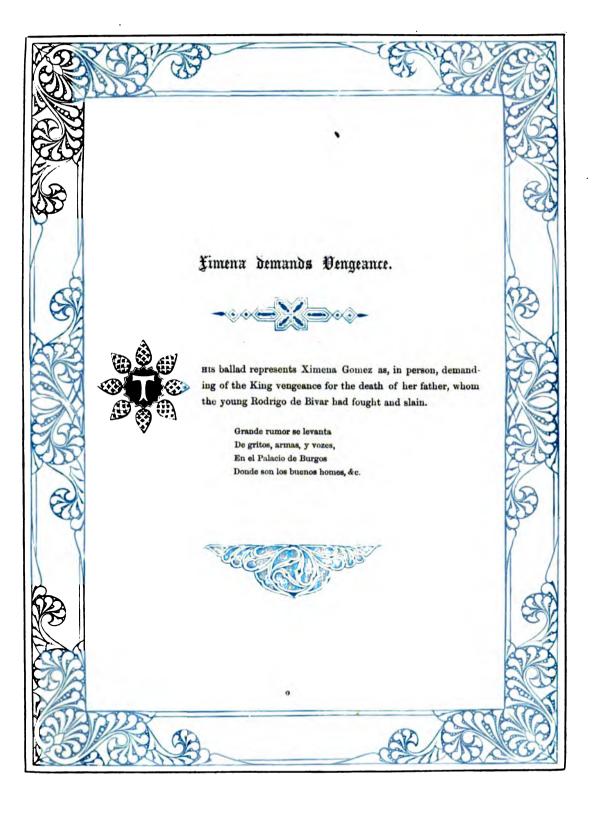
'The devil ask the question!' thus muttered all the band:—
With that they all alighted, to kiss the good King's hand,
All but the proud Rodrigo—he in his saddle stayed—
Then turned to him his father (you may hear the words he said.)

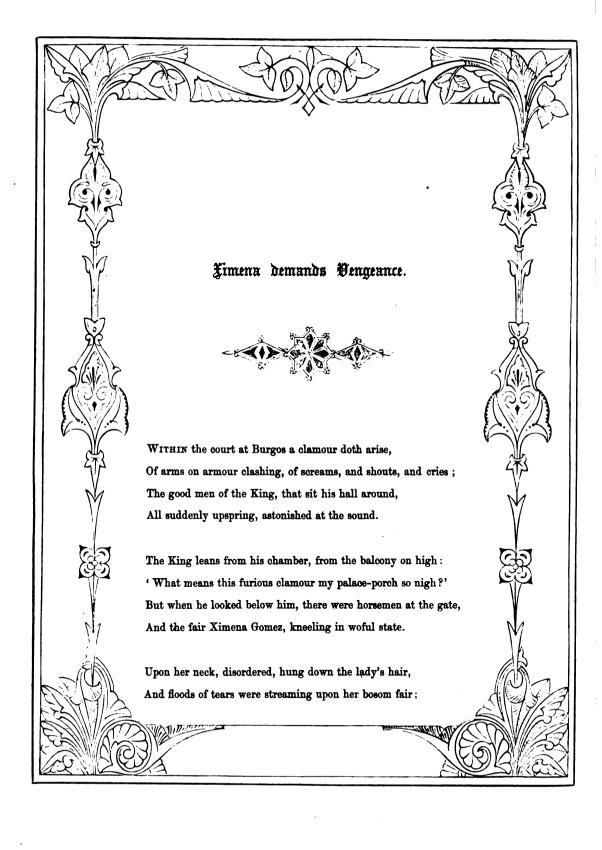
'Now, 'light, my son, I pray thee, and kiss the good King's hand,
He is our Lord, Rodrigo—we hold of him our land.'—
But when Rodrigo heard him, he looked in sulky sort—
I wot the words he answered, they were both cold and short.

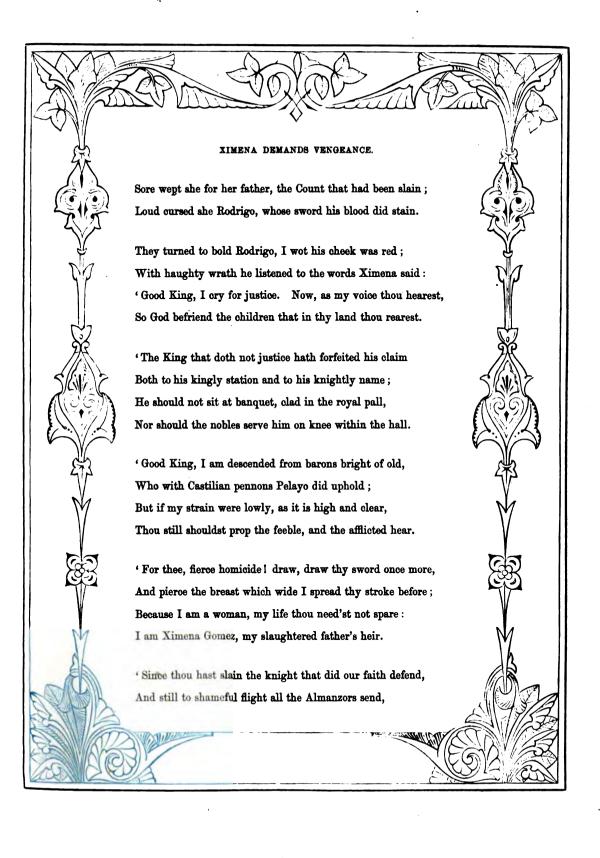
'Had any other said it, his pains had well been paid,
But thou, sir, art my father, thy word must be obeyed.'—
With that he sprung down lightly, before the King to kneel,
But as the knee was bending, out leapt his blade of steel.

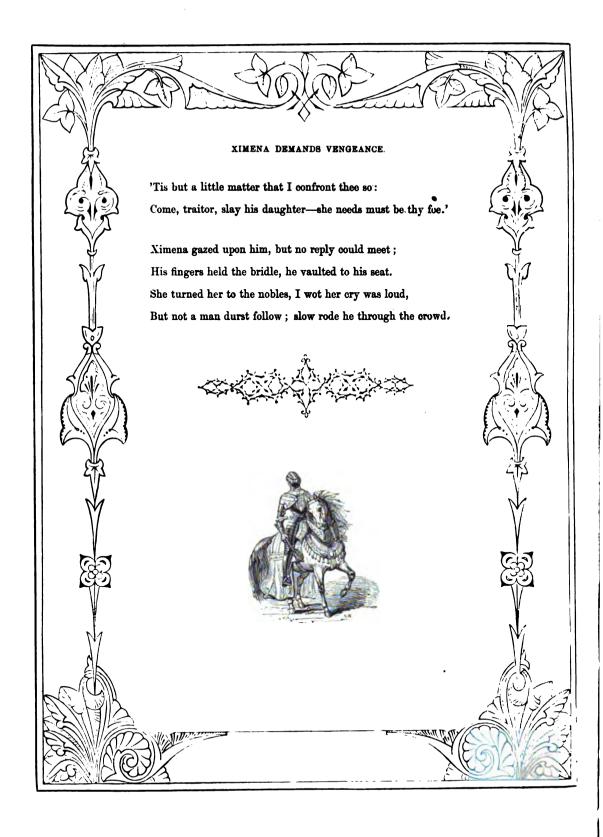
The King drew back in terror, when he saw the sword was bare; 'Stand back, stand back, Rodrigo! in the devil's name, beware! Your looks bespeak a creature of father Adam's mould, But in your wild behaviour you're like some lion bold.'

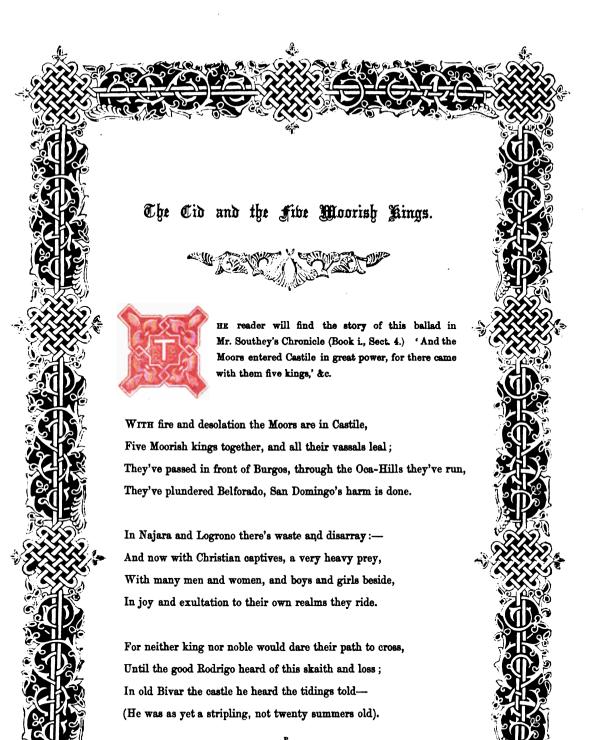


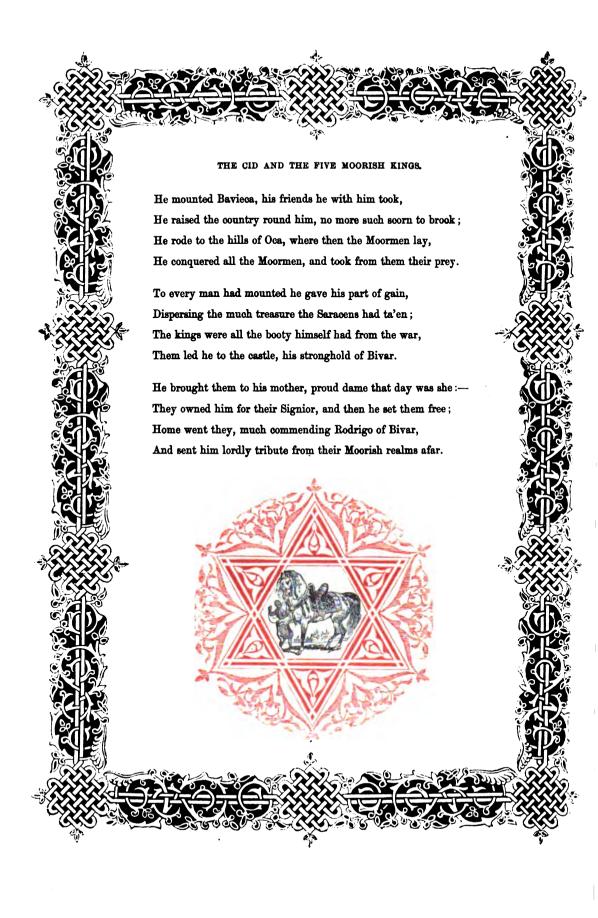


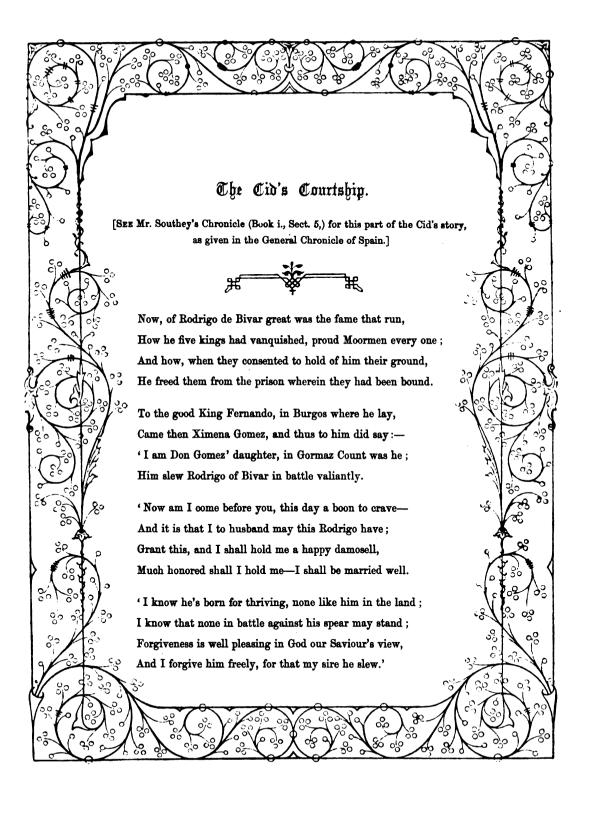


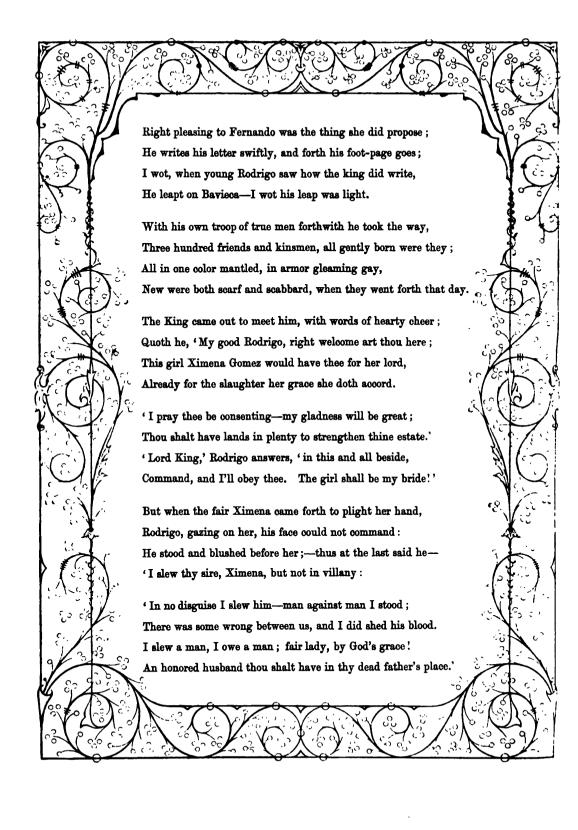












The Cid's Weledding.



HE following ballad, which contains some curious traits of rough antique manners, is not included in Escobar's collection. There is one there descriptive of the same event, but apparently executed by a much more modern hand.

WITHIN his hall of Burgos the King prepares the feast;
He makes his preparation for many a noble guest.
It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day,
'Tis the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away?

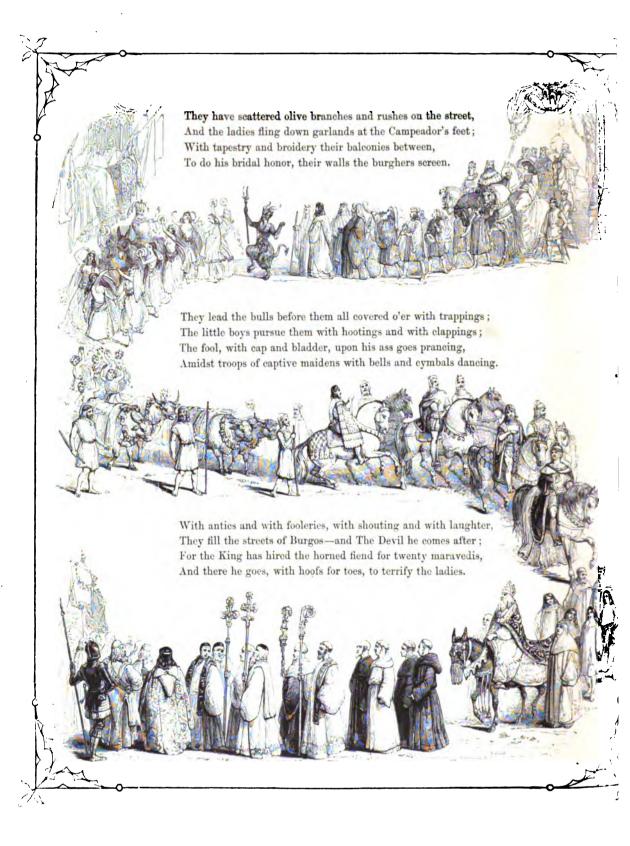
Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate;
Behind him comes Ruy Diaz, in all his bridal state;
The crowd makes way before them as up the street they go;
For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

The King had taken order that they should rear an arch,

From house to house all over, in the way that they must march;

They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,

Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.



THE CID'S WEDDING.

Then comes the bride Ximena—the King he holds her hand; And the Queen; and, all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land. All down the street the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying, But the King lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is lying.

Quoth Suero, when he saw it, (his thought you understand,)
''Tis a fine thing to be a King—but Heaven make me a Hand!'
The King was very merry, when he was told of this,
And swore the bride, ere eventide, must give the boy a kiss.

The King went always talking, but she held down her head,
And seldom gave an answer to anything he said;
It was better to be silent, among such a crowd of folk,
Than utter words so meaningless as she did when she spoke.



The Cid and the Teyer.

IKE our own Robert the Bruce, the great Spanish hero is represented as exhibiting, on many occasions, great gentleness of disposition and compassion. But while old Barbour is contented with such simple anecdotes as that of a poor laundress being suddenly taken ill with the pains of child-birth, and the King stopping the march of his army rather than leave her unprotected, the minstrels of Spain, never losing an opportunity of gratifying the superstitious propensities of their audience, are sure to let no similar incident in their champion's history pass without a miracle.

HE has ta'en some twenty gentlemen, along with him to go,

For he will pay that ancient vow he to Saint James doth owe;

To Compostella, where the shrine doth by the altar stand,

The good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding through the land.

Where'er he goes, much alms he throws, to feeble folk and poor; Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to procure; For, God and Mary Mother, their heavenly grace to win, His hand was ever bountiful: great was his joy therein.

THE CID AND THE LEPER.

And there, in middle of the path, a leper did appear;
In a deep slough the leper lay; to help would none come near,
Though earnestly he thence did cry, 'For God our Saviour's sake,
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take.'

When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down;

For all they said, no stay he made, that noble champioun;

He reached his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no account,

Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper mount.

Behind him rode the leprous man; when to their hostelrie

They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully;

While all the rest from that poor guest with loathing shrunk away,

To his own bed the wretch he led—beside him there he lay.

All at the mid-hour of the night, while good Rodrigo slept,

A breath came from the leprosite, which through his shoulders crept;

Right through the body, by the heart, passed forth that breathing cold;

I wot he leaped up with a start, in terrors manifold.

He groped for him in the bed, but him he could not find,

Through the dark chamber groped he with very anxious mind;

Loudly he lifted up his voice, with speed a lamp was brought,

Yet nowhere was the leper seen, though far and near they sought.

THE CID AND THE LEPER

He turned him to his chamber, God wot! perplexed sore
With that which had befallen—when lo! his face before
There stood a man all clothed in vesture shining white:
Thus said the vision. 'Sleepest thou, or wakest thou, Sir Knight?'

- 'I sleep not,' quoth Rodrigo; 'but tell me who art thou,
 For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow?'
 'I am the holy Lazarus—I come to speak with thee;
 I am the same poor leper thou savedst for charity.
- 'Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath been; God favors thee, for that my pain thou didst relieve yestreen. There shall be honor with thee, in battle and in peace, Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase.
- 'Strong enemies shall not prevail thy greatness to undo;

 Thy name shall make men's cheeks full pale—Christians and Moslem too;

 A death of honor shalt thou die, such grace to thee is given,

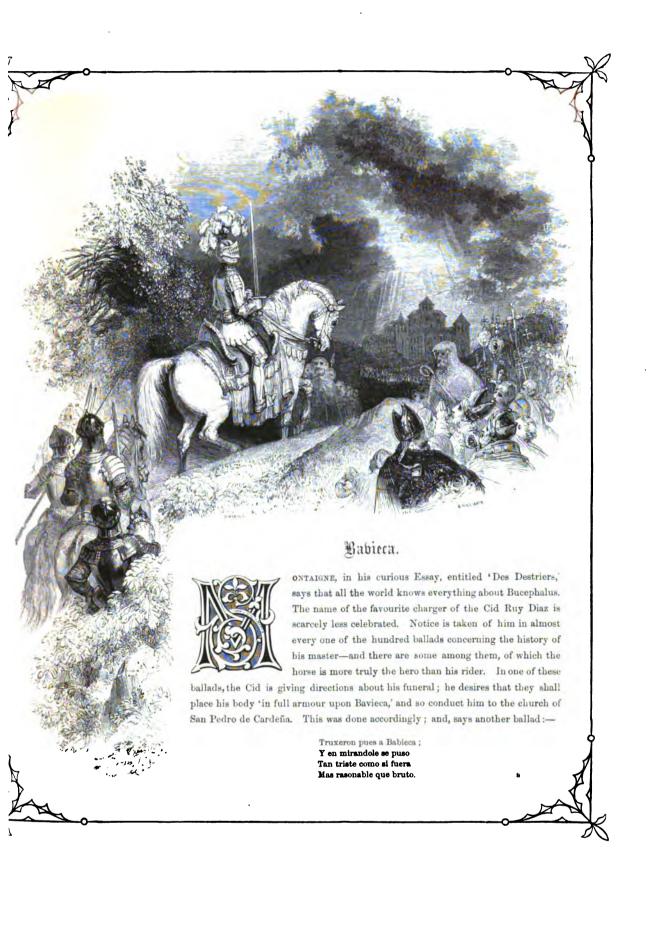
 Thy soul shall part victoriously, and be received in heaven.'

When he these gracious words had said, the spirit vanished quite.

Rodrigo rose and knelt him down—he knelt till morning light;

Unto the heavenly Father, and Mary Mother dear,

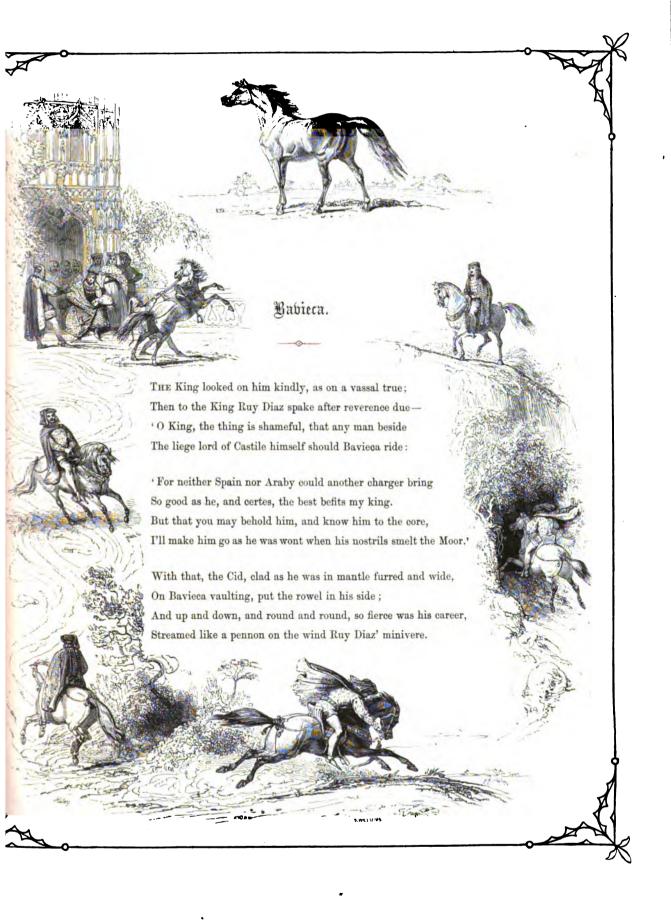
He made his prayer right humbly, till dawned the morning clear.

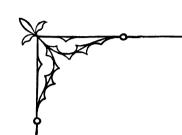


BAVIECA.

In the Cid's last will, mention is also made of his noble charger. 'When ye bury Bavieca, dig deep,' says Ruy Diaz; 'for shameful thing were it that he should be eaten by curs, who hath trampled down so much currish flesh of Moors.' He was buried near his master, under the trees in front of the convent of San Pedro of Cardelia.







BAVIECA.

And all that saw them praised them—they lauded man and horse,

As matched well, and rivalless for gallantry and force;

Ne'er had they looked on horseman might to this knight come near,

Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

Thus, to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,

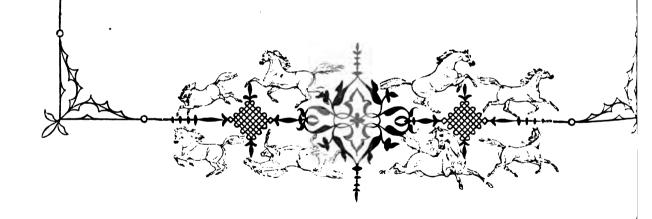
He snapped in twain his hither rein—'God pity now the Cid!—
God pity Diaz!' cried the Lords—but when they looked again,

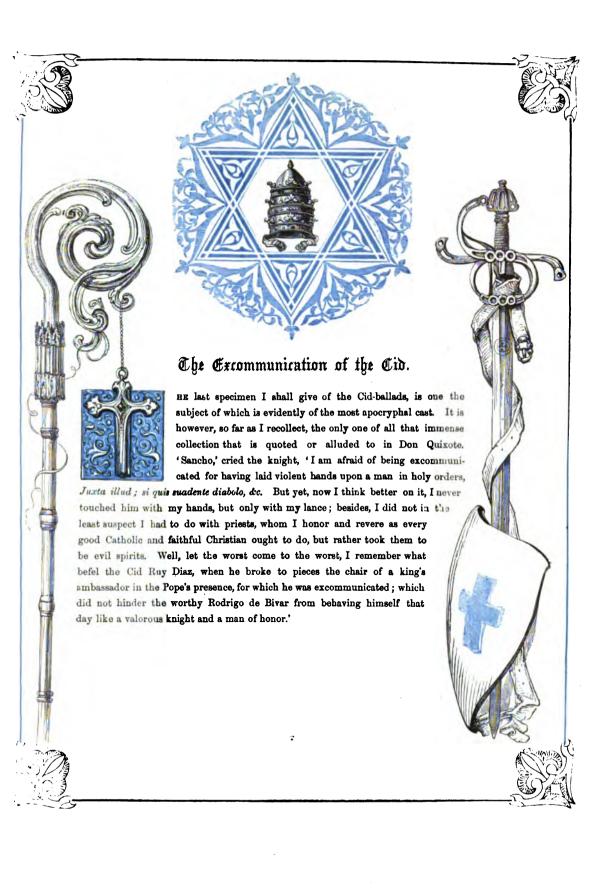
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him with the fragment of his rein;

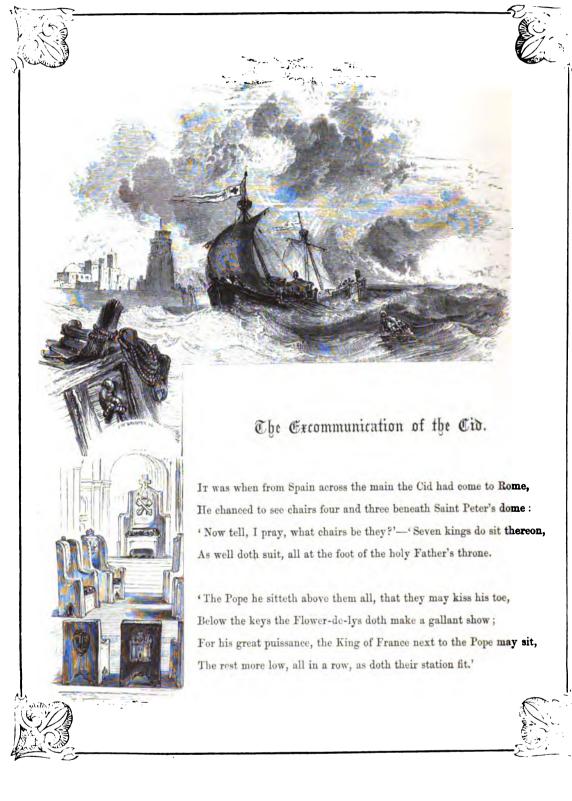
They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and calm,

Like a true lord commanding—and obeyed as by a lamb.

And so he led'him foaming and panting to the King—
But 'No!' said Don Alphonso, 'it were a shameful thing
That peerless Bavieca should ever be bestrid
By any mortal but Bivar—mount, mount again, my Cid!'











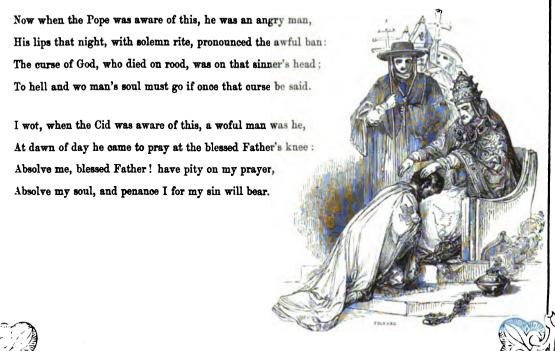
THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF THE CID.

'Ha!' quoth the Cid, 'now, God forbid! it is a shame I wiss
To see the Castle planted below the Flower-de-lys.

No harm, I hope, good Father Pope, although I move thy chair.'

—In pieces small he kicked it all ('twas of the ivory fair):—

The Pope's own seat he from his feet did kick it far away,
And the Spanish chair he planted upon its place that day;
Above them all he planted it, and laughed right bitterly;
Looks sour and bad I trow he had, as grim as grim might be.









'Who is this sinner,' quoth the Pope, 'that at my foot doth kneel?'

'I am Rodrigo Diaz-a poor baron of Castile.'

Much marvelled all were in the hall, when that name they heard him say:

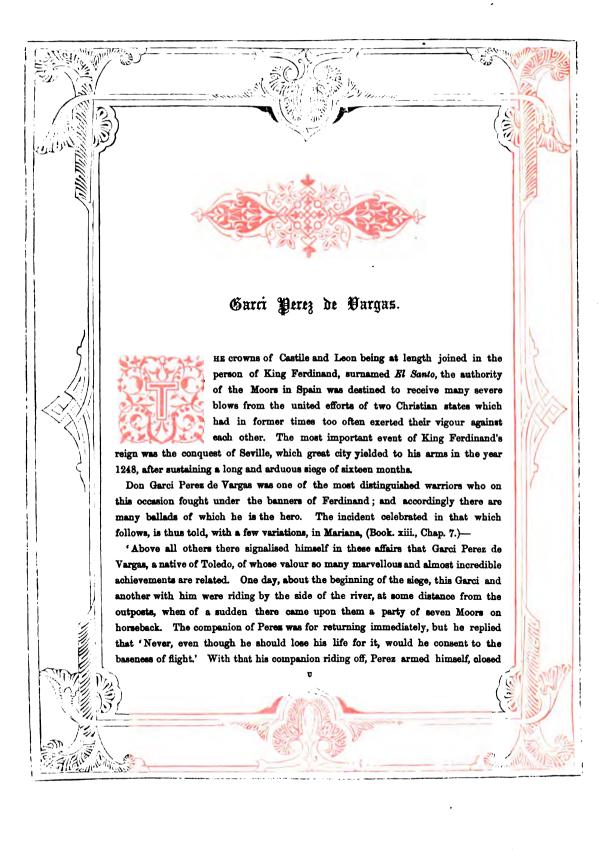
'Rise up, rise up!' the Pope he said, 'I do thy guilt away;-

'I do thy guilt away,' he said—'my curse I blot it out:
God save Rodrigo Diaz, my Christian champion stout;
I trow, if I had known thee, my grief it had been sore,
To curse Ruy Diaz de Bivar, God's scourge upon the Moor.'













GARCI PEREZ DE VARGAS.

his visor, and put his lance in the rest. But the enemies, when they knew who it was, declined the combat. He had therefore pursued his way by himself for some space, when he perceived that in lacing the head-piece and shutting the visor he had, by inadvertence, dropped his scarf. He immediately returned upon his steps that he might seek for it. The King, as it happened, had his eyes upon Perez all this time, for the royal tent looked towards the place where he was riding; and he never doubted that the knight had turned back for the purpose of provoking the Moors to the combat. But they avoided him as before, and he, having regained his scarf, came in safety to the camp.

'The honour of the action was much increased by this circumstance, that, although frequently pressed to disclose the name of the gentleman who had deserted him in that moment of danger, Perez would never consent to do so, for his modesty was equal to his bravery.'

A little farther on Mariana relates that Garci Perez had a dispute with another gentleman, who thought proper to assert that Garci had no right to assume the coat of arms which he wore. 'A sally having been made by the Moors, that gentleman, among many more, made his escape, but Garci stood firm to his post, and never came back to the camp until the Moors were driven again into the city. He came with his shield all bruised and battered to the place where the gentleman was standing, and pointing to the effaced bearing which was on it, said, "Indeed, sir, it must be confessed that you show more respect than I do to this same coat-of-arms, for you keep yours bright and unsullied, while mine is sadly discoloured." The gentleman was sorely ashamed, and thenceforth Garci Perez bore his achievement without gainsaying or dispute.'







Garci Perez de Vargas.



KING FERDINAND alone did stand one day upon the hill,
Surveying all his leaguer, and the ramparts of Seville;
The sight was grand, when Ferdinand by proud Seville was lying,
O'er tower and tree far off to see the Christian banners flying.

Down chanced the King his eye to fling, where far the camp below Two gentlemen along the glen were riding soft and slow; As void of fear each cavalier seemed to be riding there, As some strong hound may pace around the roebuck's thicket lair.

GARCI PEREZ DE VARGAS.

It was Don Garci Perez, and he would breathe the air,

And he had ta'en a knight with him, that as lief had been elsewhere;

For soon this knight to Garci said, 'Ride, ride we, or we're lost!

I see the glance of helm and lance—it is the Moorish host!'

The Lord of Vargas turned him round, his trusty squire was near—
The helmet on his brow he bound, his gauntlet grasped the spear;
With that upon his saddle-tree he planted him right steady—
'Now come,' quoth he, 'whoe'er they be, I trow they'll find us ready.'

By this the knight who rode with him had turned his horse's head,
And up the glen in fearful trim unto the camp had fled.

'Ha! gone?' quoth Garci Perez:—he smiled, and said no more,
But slowly, with his esquire, rode as he rode before.

It was the Count Lorenzo, just then it happened so,
He took his stand by Ferdinand, and with him gazed below;
'My liege,' quoth he, 'seven Moors I see a-coming from the wood,
Now bring they all the blows they may, I trow they'll find as good;
But it is Don Garci Perez—if his cognizance they know,
I guess it will be little pain to give them blow for blow.'

The Moors from forth the greenwood came riding one by one,

A gallant troop with armour resplendent in the sun:

GARCI PEREZ DE VARGAS.

Full haughty was their bearing, as o'er the sward they came, While the calm Lord of Vargas his march was still the same.

They stood drawn up in order, while past them all rode he,

For when upon his shield they saw the sable blazonry,

And the wings of the Black Eagle, that o'er his orest were spread,

They knew Don Garci Perez, and never word they said.

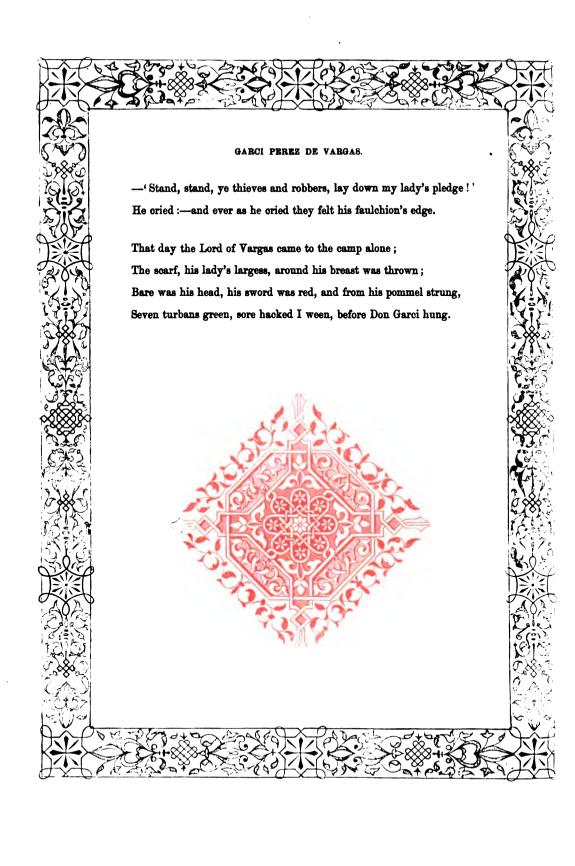
He took the casque from off his head, and gave it to the squire,
'My friend,' quoth he, 'no need I see why I my brows should tire.'
But as he doffed the helmet, he saw his scarf was gone—
'I've dropped it sure,' quoth Garci, 'when I put my helmet on.'

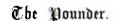
He looked around and saw the scarf, for still the Moors were near,
And they had picked it from the sward, and looped it on a spear;
'These Moors,' quoth Garci Perez, 'uncourteous Moors they be—
Now, by my soul, the scarf they stole, yet durst not question me!

Now, reach once more my helmet.'—The esquire said him nay,
'For a silken string why should ye fling perchance your life away?'
—'I had it from my lady,' quoth Garci, 'long ago,
And never Moor that scarf, be sure, in proud Seville shall show.'—

But when the Moslem saw him they stood in firm array,

—He rode among their armed throng, he rode right furiously;









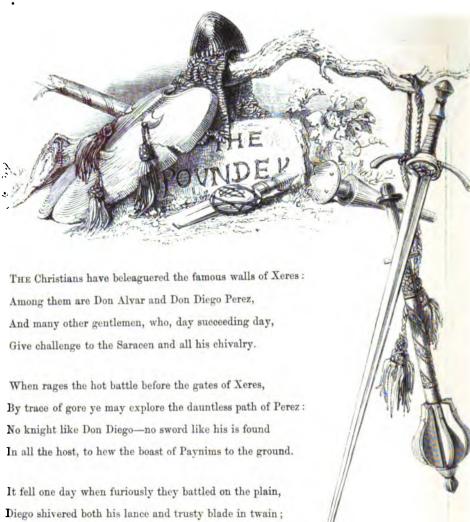
BALLAD concerning another doughty knight of the same family, and most probably, considering the date, a brother of Garci Perez de Vargas. Its story is thus alluded to by Don Quixote, in the chapter of the Windmills:—

'However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him; and as he was making his complaint about it to his squire—I have read, said he, friend Sancho, that a certain

Spanish knight, whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a wild olive tree, or at least, tore down a massy branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day, that he won for himself and his posterity the surname of The Pounder, or Bruiser. [Machuca, from Machucar, to pound as in a mortar.] I tell this, because I intend to tear up the next oak, or holm-tree, we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform such deeds that thou wilt esteem thyself happy in having had the honour to behold them, and been the ocular witness of achievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe.—Heaven grant you may! cried Sancho: I believe it all, because your worship says it.'

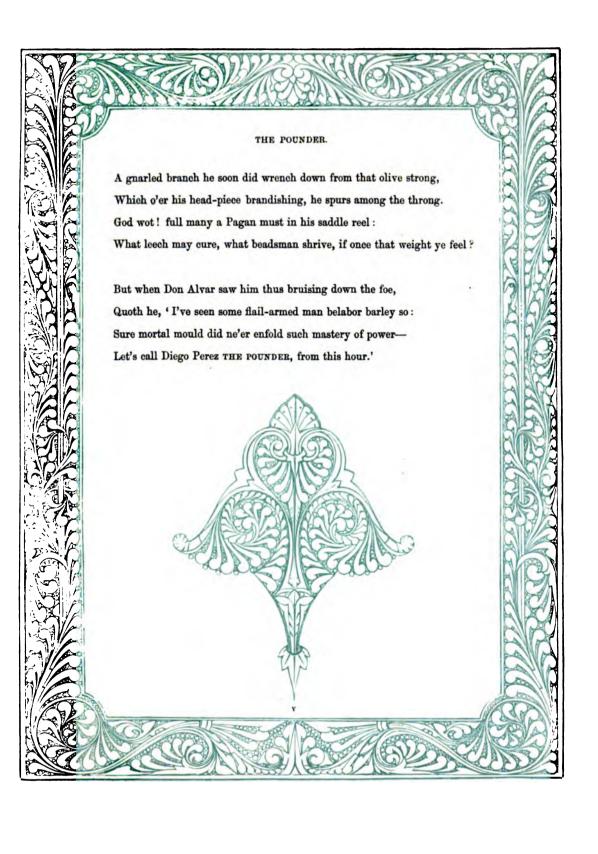






It fell one day when furiously they battled on the plain,
Diego shivered both his lance and trusty blade in twain;
The Moors that saw it shouted, for esquire none was near
To serve Diego at his need with faulchion, mace, or spear.

Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was his eye,
But by God's grace before his face there stood a tree full nigh—
An olive-tree with branches strong, close by the wall of Xeres:
'Yon goodly bough will serve, I trow,' quoth Don Diego Perez.







The Murder of the Master.



HE next four ballads relate to the history of Don PEDRO, King of Castile, called THE CRUEL.

An ingenious person not long ago published a work, the avowed purpose of which was to prove that Tiberius was a humane and contemplative prince, who retired to the island of Capress only that he might the better

indulge in the harmless luxury of philosophic meditation:—and, in like manner, Pedro the Cruel has found, in these latter times, his defenders and apologists; above all, Voltaire.

There may be traced, without doubt, in the circumstances which attended his accession, something to palliate the atrocity of several of his bloody acts. His father had treated his mother with contempt: he had not only entertained, as his mistress, in her lifetime, a lady of the powerful family of Guzman, but actually proclaimed that lady his queen, and brought up her sons as princes in his palace; nay, he had even betrayed



THE MURDER OF THE MASTER.

some intentions of violating, in their favor, the order of succession, and the rights of Pedro. And, accordingly, no sooner was Alphonso dead, and Pedro acknowledged by the nobility, than Leonora de Guzman. and her sons, whether from consciousness of guilt, or from fear of violence, or from both of these causes, betook themselves to various places of strength, where they endeavoured to defend themselves against the authority of the new king. After a little time, matters were accommodated by the interference of friends, and Donna Leonora took up her residence at Seville; but Pedro was suddenly, while in that city, seized with a distemper which his physicians said must, in all probability, have a mortal termination; and during his confinement (which lasted for several weeks) many intrigues were set a-foot, and the pretensions of various candidates for the throne openly canvassed among the nobility of Castile. Whether the king had, on his recovery, discovered anything indicative of treasonous intentions in the recent conduct of Leonora and her family-(which, all things considered, seems not improbable)-or whether he merely suffered himself (as was said at the time) to be over-persuaded by the vindictive arguments of his own mother, the queen-dowager, the fact is certain, that in the course of a few days Donna Leonora was arrested, and put to death, by Pedro's command, in the castle of Talaveyra. Don Fadrique, or Frederick, one of her sons, who had obtained the dignity of Master of the Order of St. Iago, fled upon this into Portugal, and fortified himself in the city of Coimbra: while another of them. Don Enrique, or Henry, Lord of Trastamara, took refuge at the Court of Arragon, openly renouncing his allegiance to the crown of Castile, and professing himself henceforth, in all things, the subject and vascal of the prince who gave him protection.

Henry of Trastamara was, from this time, the declared and active enemy of his brother; and in consequence of his influence, and that of his mother's kindred, but most of all in consequence of Don Pedro's own atrocious proceedings, Castile itself was filled with continual tumults and insurrections.

Don Fadrique, however, made his peace with Pedro. After a lapse of many months, he was invited to come to the court at Seville and take his share in the amusements of an approaching tournament. He accepted the invitation,





THE MURDER OF THE MASTER.

but was received with terrible coldness, and immediately executed within the palace. The friends of Pedro asserted that the king had that very day detected Don Fadrique in a correspondence with his brother Henry and the Arragonese; while popular belief attributed the slaughter of the Master to the unhappy influence which the too-celebrated Maria de Padilla had long ere this begun to exercise over Pedro's mind.

Maria was often, in consequence of her close intimacy with Jews, called by the name of their hated race; but she was in reality not only of Christian, but of noble descent in Spain. However that might be, Pedro found her in the family of his minister, Albuquerque, where she had been brought up, loved her with all the violence of his temper, and made her his wife in all things but the name. Although political motives induced him, not long afterwards, to contract an alliance with a princess of the French blood royal—the unfortunate Blanche of Bourbon—he lived with the young queen but a few days, and then deserted her for ever, for the sake of this beautiful, jealous, and imperious mistress, whom he declared to be his true wife.

The reader will observe that there is a strange peculiarity in the structure of the ballad which narrates the Murder of the Master of St. Iago. The unfortunate Fadrique is introduced at the beginning of it as telling his own story, and so he carries it on, in the first person, until the order for his execution is pronounced by Pedro. The sequel is given as if by another voice. I can suppose this singularity to have had a musical origin.

The Master was slain in the year 1358.





The Murder of the Master.



I sat alone in Coimbra—the town myself had ta'en, When came into my chamber a messenger from Spain; There was no treason in his look, an honest look he wore; I from his hand the letter took—my brother's seal it bore.

'Come, brother dear, the day draws near'-('twas thus bespoke the King)-

'For plenar court and knightly sport within the listed ring.'-

Alas! unhappy Master, I easy credence lent;

Alas! for fast and faster I at his bidding went.

When I set off from Coimbra, and passed the bound of Spain,
I had a goodly company of spearmen in my train—
A gallant force, a score of horse, and sturdy mules thirteen:
With joyful heart I held my course—my years were young and green.

A journey of good fifteen days within the week was done—
I halted not, though signs I got, dark tokens many a one;
A strong stream mastered horse and mule—I lost my poniard fine—
And left a page within the pool—a faithful page of mine;

THE MURDER OF THE MASTER.

Yet on to proud Seville I rode; when to the gate I came,
Before me stood a man of God, to warn me from the same;
The words he spake I would not hear, his grief I would not see,
I seek, said I, my brother dear—I will not stop for thee.

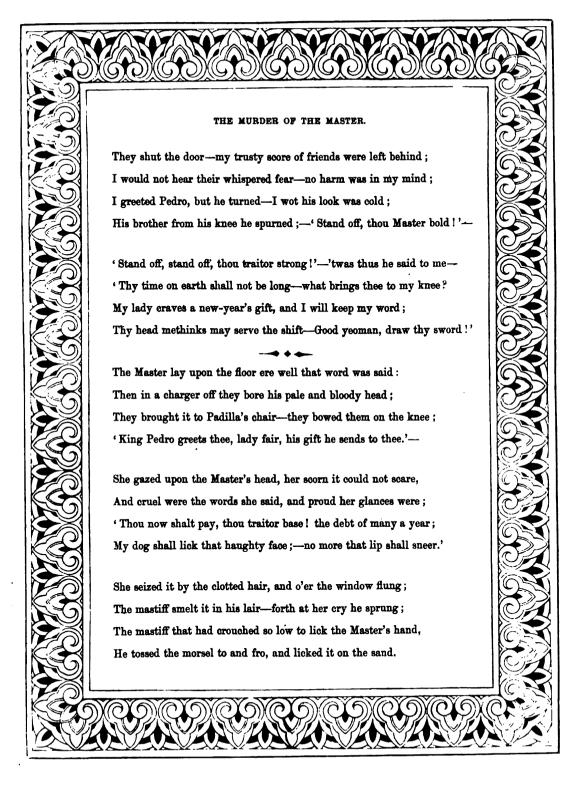
No lists were closed upon the sand, for royal tourney dight;

No pawing horse was seen to stand—I saw no armed knight—

Yet aye I gave my mule the spur, and hastened through the town:

I stopped before his palace-door—then gaily leapt I down.







And ever as the mastiff tore his bloody teeth were shown,
With growl and snort he made his sport, and picked it to the bone;
The baying of the beast was loud, and swiftly on the street
There gathered round a gaping crowd to see the mastiff eat.

Then out and spake King Pedro—' What governance is this?'
The rabble rout, my gate without, torment my dogs, I wiss.'
Then out and spake King Pedro's page—' It is the Master's head;
The mustiff tears it in his rage—therewith they him have fed.'

Then out and spake the ancient nurse, that nursed the brothers twain—
'On thee, King Pedro, lies the curse—thy brother thou hast slain;
A thousand harlots there may be within the realm of Spain,
But where is she can give to thee thy brother back again?'

Came darkness o'er King Pedro's brow, when thus he heard her say;
He sorely rued the accursed vow he had fulfilled that day;
He passed unto his paramour, where on her couch she lay,
Leaning from out her painted bower to see the mastiff's play.

He drew her to a dungeon dark, a dungeon strong and deep;
'My father's son lies stiff and stark, and there are few to weep.
Fadriquê's blood for vengeance calls—his cry is in mine ear—
Thou art the cause, thou harlot false!—in darkness lie thou here."



The Death of Queen Blanche.

HAT Pedro was accessory to the violent death of this young and innocent princess whom he had married, and immediately afterwards deserted for ever, there can be no doubt. This deed was avenged abundantly; for it certainly led, in the issue, to the downfal and death of Pedro. Mariana says, very briefly, that the injuries sustained by Queen Blanche had so much offended many of Pedro's own nobility, that

they drew up a formal remonstrance, and presented it to him in a style sufficiently formidable; and that he, his proud and fierce temper being stung to madness by what he considered an unjustifiable interference with his domestic concerns, immediately gave orders for the poisoning of Blanche in her prison. In the old French Memoirs of Du Gueselin a much more improbable story is told at great length. The Queen Blanche, according to this account, had been banished to the Castle of Medina Sidonia—the adjoining territory being assigned to her for her maintenance. One of her vassals, a Jew, presumed to do his homage in the usual fashion, that is, by kissing Blanche on the cheek, ere his true character was suspected either by her

THE DEATH OF QUEEN BLANCHE.

or her attendants. No sooner was the man known to be a Jew, than he was driven from the presence of the queen with every mark of insult; and this sunk so deeply into his mind that he determined to revenge himself, if possible, by the death of Blanche. He told his story to Maria de Padilla, who prevailed on the king to suffer him to take his own measures; and he accordingly surprised the castle by night, at the head of a troop of his own countrymen, and butchered the unhappy lady. The ballad itself is, in all likelihood, as trustworthy as any other authority; the true particulars of such a crime were pretty sure to be kept concealed.

The Beath of Queen Blanche.

'Maria de Padilla, be not thus of dismal mood,

For if I twice have wedded me, it all was for thy good;

But if upon Queen Blanche ye will that I some scorn should show,

For a banner to Medina my messenger shall go—

The work shall be of Blanche's tears, of Blanche's blood the ground;

Such pennon shall they weave for thee, such sacrifice be found.'

Then to the Lord of Ortis, that excellent baron,

He said, 'Now hear me, Ynigo, forthwith for this begone.'

Then answer made Don Ynigo, 'Such gift I ne'er will bring,

For he that harmeth Lady Blanche doth harm my lord the king.'

Then Pedro to his chamber went—his cheek was burning red—
And to a bowman of his guard the dark command he said.

The bowman to Medina passed; when the queen beheld him near,
'Alas!' she said, 'my maidens, he brings my death, I fear.'

Then said the archer, bending low—'The King's commandment take,

And see thy soul be ordered well with God that did it make:

THE DEATH OF QUEEN BLANCHE.

For lo! thine hour is come, therefrom no refuge may there be.'—
Then gently spake the Lady Blanche 'My friend, I pardon thee;
Do what thou wilt, so be the King hath his commandment given:
Deny me not confession—if so, forgive ye, Heaven!'

Much grieved the bowman for her tears, and for her beauty's sake,
While thus Queen Blanche of Bourbon her last complaint did make;—
'O France! my noble country—O blood of high Bourbon!
Not eighteen years have I seen out before my life is gone.
The King hath never known me. A virgin true I die.
Whate'er I've done, to proud Castile no treason e'er did I.

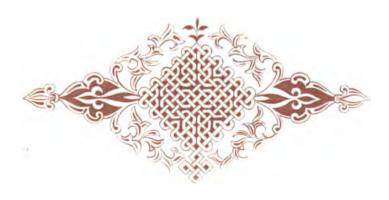
'The crown they put upon my head was a crown of blood and sighs,
God grant me soon another crown more precious in the skies!'—

These words she spake, then down she knelt, and took the bowman's blow:

Her tender neck was cut in twain, and out her blood did flow.







The Benth of Bon Pedro.



HE reader may remember that when Don Pedro had, by his excessive cruelties, quite alienated from himself the hearts of the great majority of his people, Don Henry of Trastamara, his natural brother, who had spent many years in exile, returned suddenly into Spain with a formidable band of French auxiliaries, by whose aid he drove Pedro out of his kingdom. The voice of the nation was on Henry's side, and he took

possession of the throne without further opposition. Pedro, after his treatment of Queen Blanche, could have nothing to hope from the crown of France, so he immediately threw himself into the arms of England. And Edward the Black Prince, who then commanded in Gascony, had more than one obvious reason for taking up his cause.

The Prince of Wales marched with Don Pedro into Spain, at the head of an army of English and Gascon veterans, whose disciplined valor, Mariana very frankly





THE DEATH OF DON PEDRO

confesses, gave them a decided superiority over the Spanish soldiery of the time. Henry was so unwise as to set his stake upon a battle, and was totally defeated in the field of Najara. Unable to rally his flying troops, he was compelled to make his escape beyond the Pyrenees; and Don Pedro once more established himself in his kingdom. The Battle of Najara took place in 1366. But, in 1368, when the Black Prince had retired again into Gascony. Henry, in his turn, came back from exile with a small but gallant army, most of whom were French, commanded by the celebrated Bertram Du Glessouin or, as he is more commonly called, Du Guesclin-and animated, as was natural, by strong thirst of vengeance for the insults, which, in the person of Blanche, Pedro had heaped upon the royal line of their country and the blood of Saint Louis.-Henry advanced into the heart of La Mancha, and there encountered Don Pedro, at the head of an army six times more numerous than that which he commanded, but composed in a great measure of Jews, Saracens, and Portuguese-miscellaneous auxiliaries, who gave way before the ardour of the French chivalry—so that Henry remained victorious, and Pedro was forced to take refuge in the neighboring castle of Montiel. That fortress was so strictly blockaded by the successful enemy, that the king was compelled to attempt his escape by night, with only twelve in his retinue-Ferdinand de Castro being the person of most note among them. As they wandered in the dark, they were encountered by a body of French cavalry making the rounds, commanded by an adventurous knight, called Le Bègue de Villaines. Compelled to surrender, Don Pedro put himself under the safeguard of this officer, promising him a rich ransom if he would conceal him from the knowledge of his brother Henry. The knight, according to Froissart, promised him concealment, and conveyed him to his own quarters. But in the course of an hour, Henry was apprised that he was taken, and came with some of his followers, to the tent of Allan de la Houssaye, where his unfortunate brother had been placed. On entering it he exclaimed, 'Where is that whoreson and Jew who calls himself King of Castile?'—Pedro, as proud and fearless as he was cruel, stepped instantly forward and replied, 'Here I stand, the lawful son and heir of Don Alphonso, and it is thou that art but a false bastard.' The rival brethren instantly grappled like lions, the French





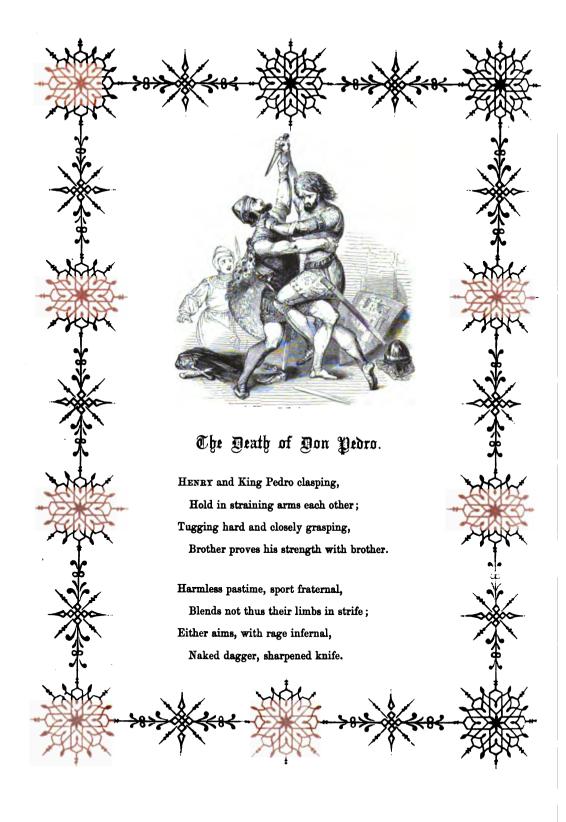
THE DEATH OF DON PEDRO.

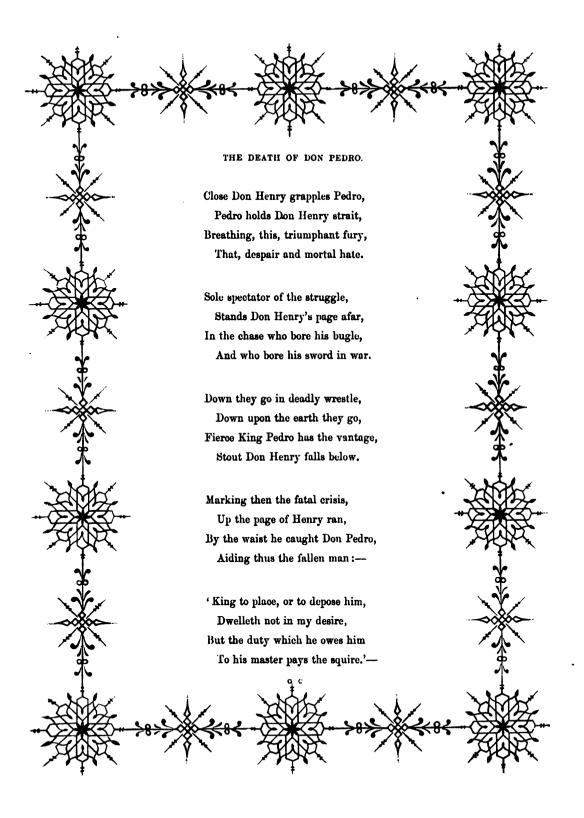
knights and Du Guesclin himself looking on. Henry drew his poniard, and wounded Pedro in the face, but his body was defended by a coat of mail;—a violent struggle ensued:—Henry fell across a bench, and his brother, being uppermost, had well-nigh mastered him, when one of Henry's followers, seizing Don Pedro by the leg, turned him over, and his master, thus at length gaining the upper hand, instantly stabbed the king to the heart.—Froissart calls this man the Vicomte de Roquebetyn, and others the Bastard of Anisse. Menard, in his history of Du Guesclin, says, that while all around gazed like statues on the furious struggle of the brothers, Du Guesclin exclaimed to this attendant of Henry, 'What! will you stand by and see your master placed at such a pass by a false renegade!—Make forward and aid him, for well you may.'

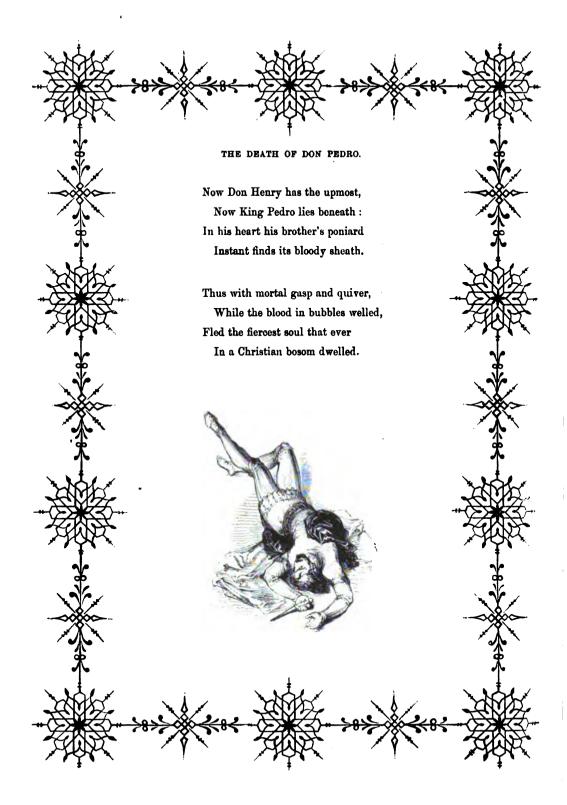
Pedro's head was cut off, and his remains were meanly buried. They were afterwards disinterred by his daughter, the wife of our own John of Gaunt, 'time-honoured Lancaster,' and deposited in Seville, with the honors due to his rank. His memory was regarded with a strange mixture of horror and compassion, which recommended him as a subject for legend and for romance. He had caused his innocent wife to be assassinated—had murdered three of his brothers—and committed numberless cruelties upon his subjects. He had, which the age deemed equally scandalous, held a close intimacy with the Jews and Saracena, and had enriched himself at the expense of the Church. Yet, in spite of all these crimes, his undaunted bravery and energy of character, together with the strange circumstances of his death, excited milder feelings towards his memory.

The following ballad, which describes the death of Don Pedro, was translated by a friend (Sir Walter Scott.) It is quoted more than once by Cervantes in Don Quixote.









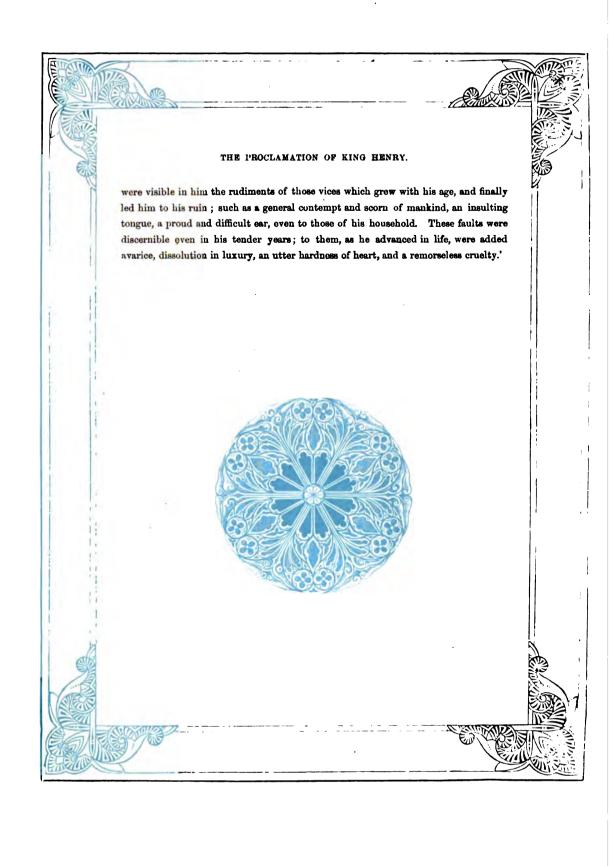


The Proclamation of King Penry.



HE following ballad, taking up the story where it is left in the preceding one, gives us the proclamation and coronation of Don Henry, surnamed, from the courtesy of his manners, El Cavallero, and the grief of Pedro's lovely and unhappy mistress, Maria de Padilla. From its structure and versification, I have no doubt it is of much more modern origin than most of those in the first Cancionero.

The picture which Mariana gives us of Don Pedro, the hero of so many atrocious and tragical stories, is very striking. 'He was pale of complexion,' says the historian (book xvi. chap. 10), 'his features were high and well formed, and stamped with a certain authority of majesty, his hair red, his figure erect, even to stiffness; he was bold and determined in action and in council; his bodily frame sank under no fatigues, his spirit under no weight of difficulty or of danger. He was passionately fond of hawking and all violent exercises. In the beginning of his reign, he administered justice among private individuals with perfect integrity. But even then



The Proclamation of King Benry.



At the feet of Don Henrique now King Pedro dead is lying,

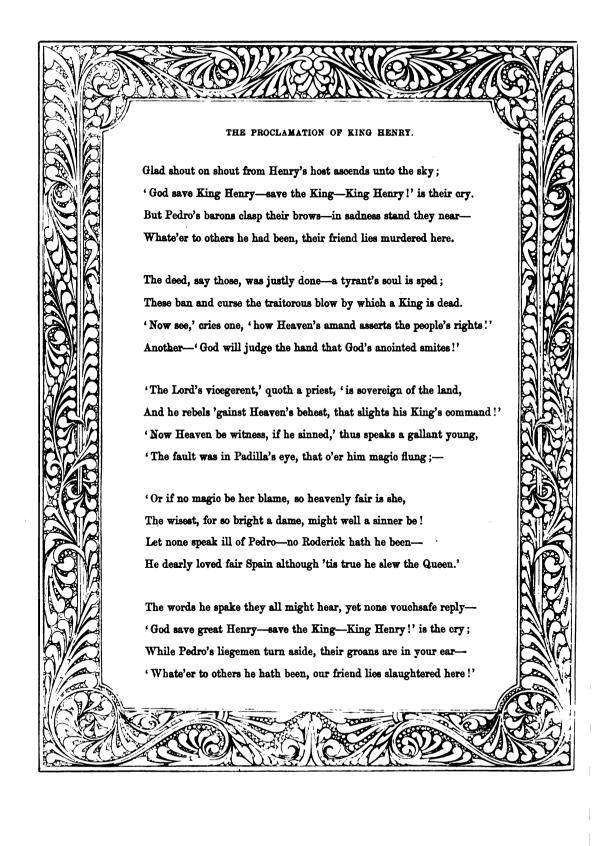
Not that Henry's might was greater, but that blood to Heaven was crying;

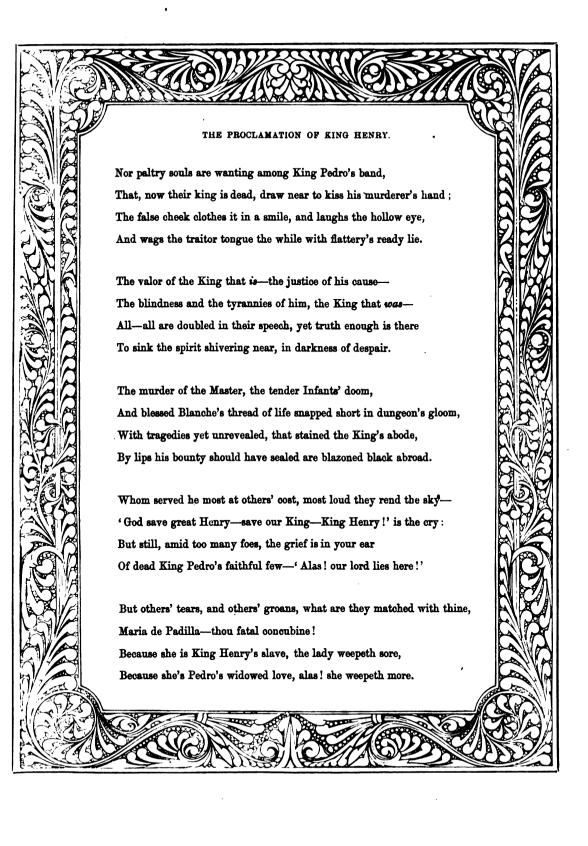
Though deep the dagger had its sheath within his brother's breast,

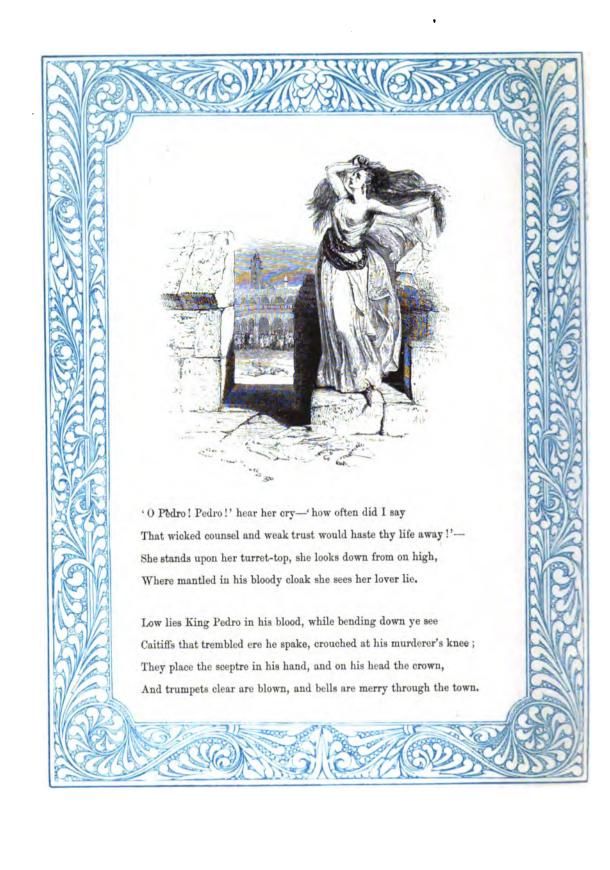
Firm on the frozen throat beneath Don Henry's foot is pressed.

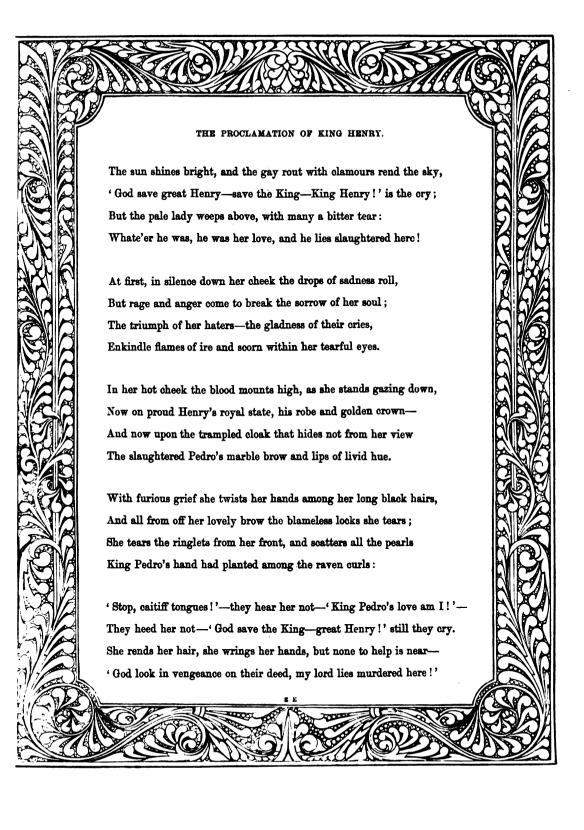
So dark and sullen is the glare of Pedro's lifeless eyes,
Still half he fears what slumbers there to vengeance may arise.
So stands the brother—on his brow the mark of blood is seen,
Yet had he not been Pedro's Cain, his Cain had Pedro been.

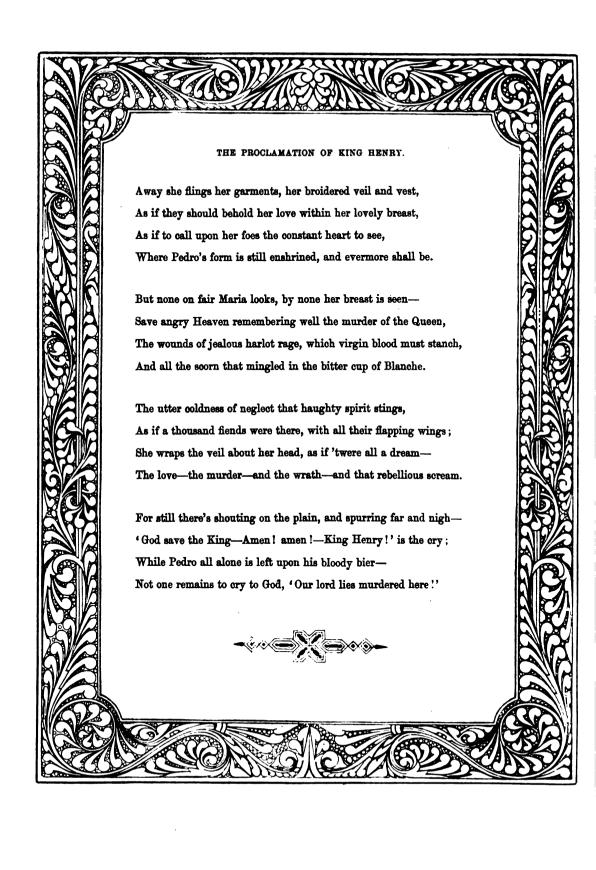
Close round the scene of cursed strife, the armed knights appear
Of either band, with silent thoughts of joyfulness or fear;
All for a space in silence the fratricide survey—
Then sudden bursts the mingling voice of triumph and dismay.











The Lord of Butrago.





HE incident to which the following ballad relates, is supposed to have occurred on the famous field of Aljubarrota, where King Juan the First of Castile was defeated by the Portuguese. The king, who was at the time in a feeble state of health, exposed himself very much during the action; and being wounded, had great difficulty in making his escape. The

battle was fought A.D. 1385.



'Your horse is faint, my King—my Lord! your gallant horse is sick—His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick;

Mount, mount on mine, oh, mount apace, I pray thee, mount and fly!

Or in my arms I'll lift your grace—their trampling hoofs are nigh!

'My King—my King! you're wounded sore—the blood runs from your feet:
But only lay a hand before, and I'll lift you to your seat:
Mount, Juan, for they gather fast!—I hear their coming cry—
Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy—I'll save you though I die!

THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

'Stand, noble steed! this hour of need—be gentle as a lamb:
I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth—thy master dear I am—
Mount, Juan, mount! whate'er betide, away the bridle fling,
And plunge the rowels in his side.—My horse shall save my King!

'Nay, never speak; my sires, Lord King, received their land from yours,
And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures:

If I should fly, and thou, my King, be found among the dead,
How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn on my grey head?

'Castile's proud dames shall never point the finger of disdain,

And say there's one that ran away when our good lords were slain!—

I leave Diego in your care—you'll fill his father's place:

Strike, strike the spur, and never spare—God's blessing on your grace!'

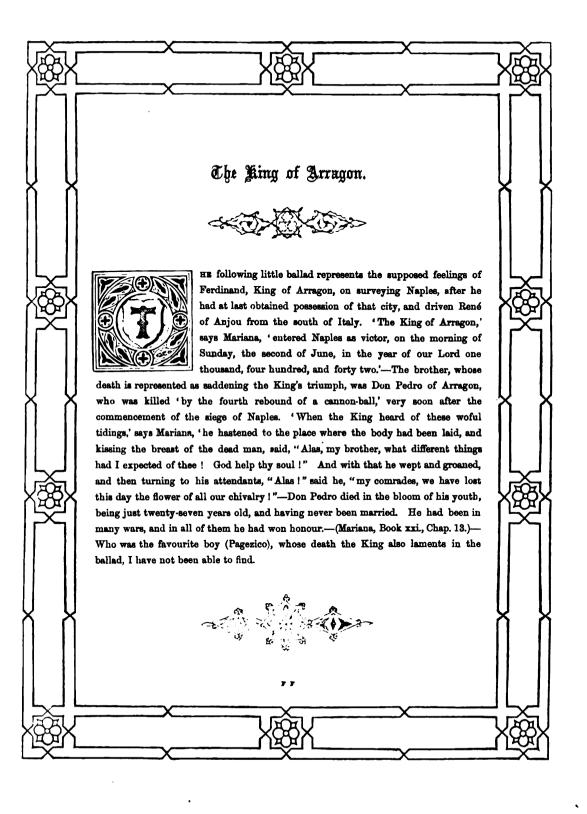
So spake the brave Montañez, Butrago's lord was he;

And turned him to the coming host in steadfastness and glee;

He flung himself among them, as they came down the hill—

He died, God wot! but not before his sword had drunk its fill.









The Vow of Reduan.



HE marriage of Ferdinand the Catholic and Donna Isabella having united the forces of Arragon and Castile, the total ruin of the Moorish power in Spain could no longer be deferred. The last considerable fragment of their once mighty posses sions in the Peninsula was Granada; but the fate of Malaga gave warning of its inevitable fall, while internal dissensions, and the weakness of the reigning prince, hastened and

facilitated that great object of Ferdinand's ambition.

The following is a version of certain parts of two ballads; indeed, the Moor Reduan is the hero of a great many more. The subject is, as the reader will perceive, the rash vow and tragical end of a young and gallant soldier, allied, as it would appear, to the blood of the last Moorish King of Granada, Boabdil,—or, as he is more generally called by the Spanish writers, El Rey Chiquito,—i.e.—the Little King.



The Dow of Reduan.

Thus said, before his lords, the King to Reduan:

'Tis easy to get words—deeds get we as we can:

Rememberest thou the feast at which I heard thee saying,

'Twere easy in one night to make me Lord of Jaen?

Well in my mind I hold the valiant vow was said;
Fulfil it, boy! and gold shall shower upon thy head;
But bid a long farewell, if now thou shrink from doing,
To bower and bonnibell, thy feasting and thy wooing!

'I have forgot the oath, if such I e'er did plight—
But needs there plighted troth to make a soldier fight?

A thousand sabres bring—we'll see how we may thrive.'—

'One thousand!' quoth the King; 'I trow thou shalt have five!'









THE VOW OF REDUAN.

They passed the Elvira-gate, with banners all displayed, They passed in mickle state, a noble cavalcade; What proud and pawing horses, what comely cavaliers, What bravery of targets, what glittering of spears!

What caftans blue and scarlet—what turbans pleached of green;
What waving of their crescents and plumages between;
What buskins and what stirrups—what rowels chased in gold!
What handsome gentlemen—what buoyant hearts and bold!

In midst, above them all, rides he who rules the band—
You feather white and tall is the token of command:
He looks to the Alhambra, whence bends his mother down—
'Now Alla save my boy, and merciful Mahoun!'—

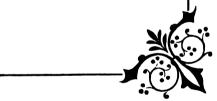
But 'twas another sight—when Reduan drew near
To look upon the height where Jaen's towers appear;
The fosse was wide and deep, the walls both tall and strong,
And keep was matched with keep the battlements along.

It was a heavy sight—but most for Reduan:

He sighed, as well he might, ere thus his speech began:

O Jaen! had I known how high thy bulwarks stand,

My tongue had not outgone the prowess of my hand.





THE VOW OF REDUAN.

'But since, in hasty cheer, I did my promise plight,
(What well might cost a year) to win thee in a night,
The pledge demands the paying. I would my soldiers brave
Were half as sure of Jaen as I am of my grave!

'My penitence comes late—my death lags not behind;
I yield me up to fate, since hope I may not find!'—
With that he turned him round;—'Now blow your trumpets high!'—
But every spearman frowned, and dark was every eye.

But when he was aware that they would fain retreat,

He spurred his bright bay mare—I wot her pace was fleet;

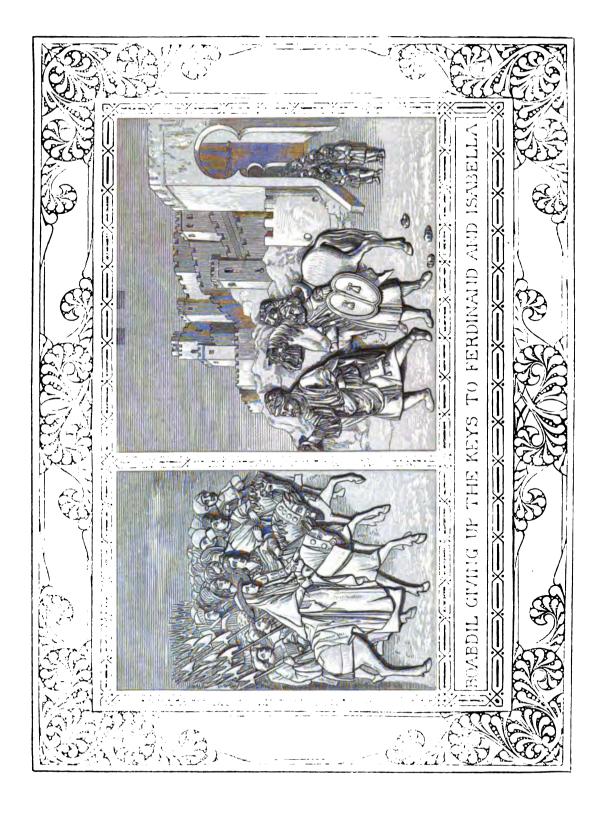
He rides beneath the walls, and shakes aloof his lance,

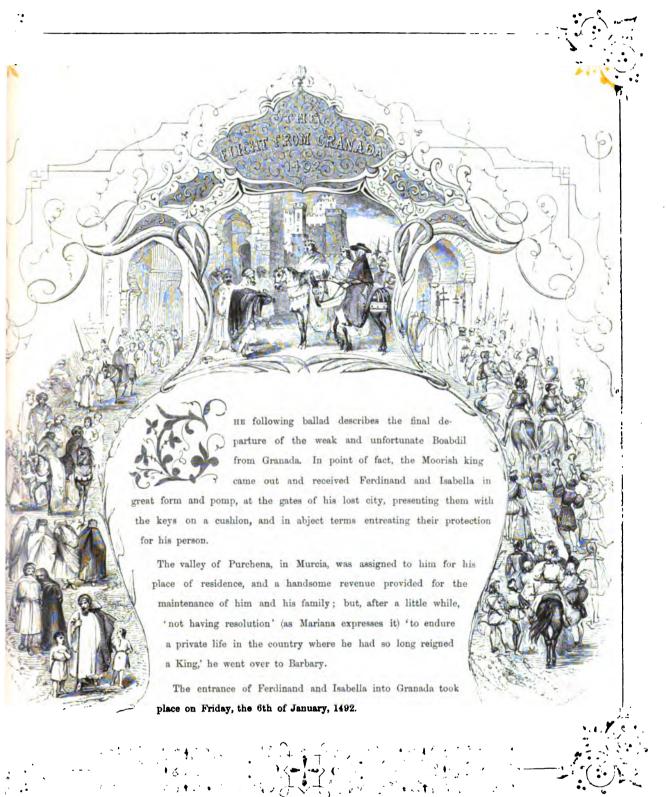
And to the Christians calls, if any will advance?

With that an arrow flew from o'er the battlement—
Young Reduan it slew, sheer through the breast it went;
He fell upon the green—'Farewell, my gallant bay!'
Right soon, when this was seen, broke all the Moor array.



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The flight from Granada.

THERE was crying in Granada when the sun was going down;

Some calling on the Trinity—some calling on Mahoun.

Here passed away the Koran—there in the Cross was borne—

And here was heard the Christian bell—and there the Moorish horn;

Te Deum Laudamus! was up the Alcala sung:

Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung;

The arms thereon of Arragon they with Castile's display;

One King comes in in triumph—one weeping goes away.

Thus cried the weeper, while his hands his old white beard did tear, 'Farewell, furewell, Granada! thou city without peer!

Woe, woe, thou pride of Heathendom! seven hundred years and more Have gone since first the faithful thy royal sceptre bore!

THE FLIGHT PROM GRANADA

'Thou wert the happy mother of an high renowned race;
Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now go from their place;
Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who fought with mickle glee—
The enemies of proud Castile—the bane of Christentie!

'The mother of fair dames wert thou, of truth and beauty rare,
Into whose arms did courteous knights for solace sweet repair;
For whose dear sakes the gallants of Afric made display
Of might in joust and battle on many a bloody day.

'Here, gallants held it little thing for ladies' sake to die, Or for the Prophet's honour, and pride of Soldanry; For here did valour flourish, and deeds of warlike might Ennobled lordly palaces in which was our delight.

'The gardens of thy Vega, its fields and blooming bowers—
Woe, woe! I see their beauty gone and scattered all their flowers!
No reverence can he claim—the King that such a land hath lost—
On charger never can he ride, nor be heard among the host;
But in some dark and dismal place, where none his face may see,
There, weeping and lamenting, alone that King should be.'—

Thus spake Granada's King as he was riding to the sea,

About to cross Gibraltar's Strait away to Barbary:

THE FLIGHT FROM GRANADA.

Thus he in heaviness of soul unto his Queen did cry—

(He had stopped and ta'en her in his arms, for together they did fly.)

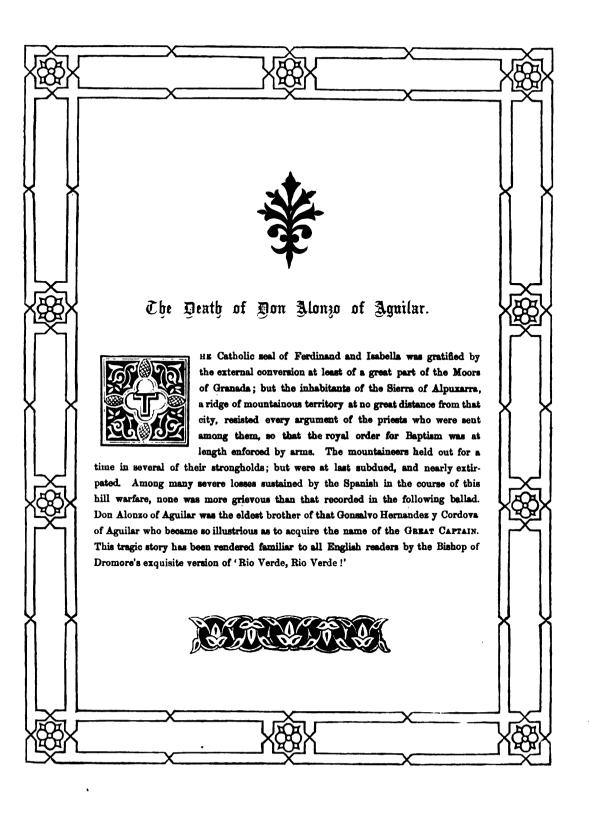
'Unhappy King! whose craven soul can brook' (she 'gan reply)

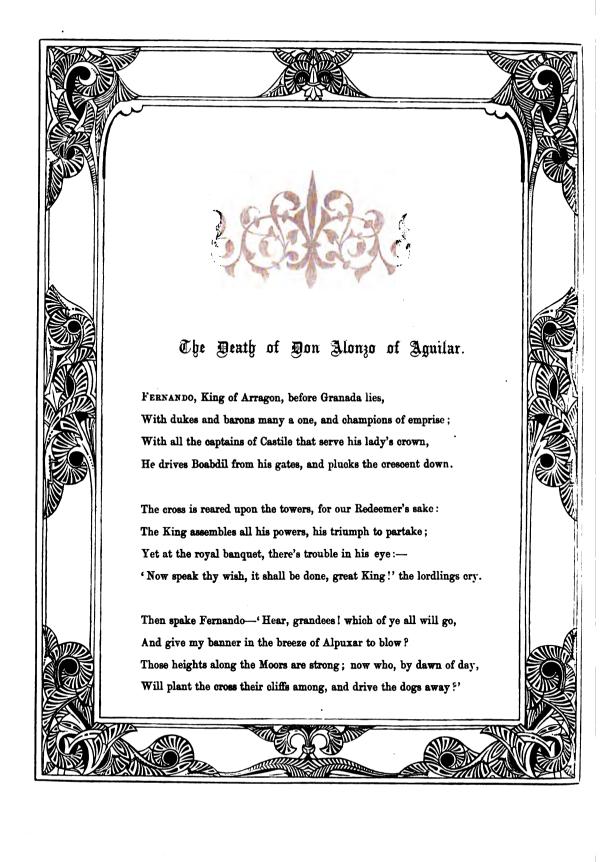
'To leave behind Granada—who hast not heart to die!—

Now for the love I bore thy youth, thee gladly could I slay-

For what is life to leave when such a crown is cast away?"









THE DEPARTURE OF KING SERASTIAN

Gorgeous and gay, in Lisbon's Bay, with streamers flaunting wide,
Upon the gleaming waters Sebastian's galleys ride;
His valorous armada (was never nobler sight!)
Hath young Sebastian marshalled against the Moorish might.

The breeze comes forth from the clear north, a gallant breeze there blows;
Their sails they lift, then out they drift, and first Sebastian goes.

'May none withstand Sebastian's hand—God shield my King!' she said;
Yet pale was that fair lady's cheek—her weeping eyes were red.

She looks on all the parting host, in all its pomp arrayed— Each pennon on the wind is tost, each cognizance displayed; Each lordly galley flings abroad, above its armed prow, The banner of the cross of God upon the breeze to flow.

But one there is, whose banner, above the Cross divine,

A scarf upholds, with azure folds, of love and faith the sign;

Upon that galley's stern ye see a peerless warrior stand—

Though first he goes, still back he throws his eye upon the land.

Albeit through tears she looks, yet well may she that form descry—

Was never seen a vassal mien so noble and so high.

Albeit the lady's cheek was pale, albeit her eyes were red—

'May none withstand my true-love's hand! God bless my knight!' she said.

THE DEPARTURE OF KING SEBASTIAN.

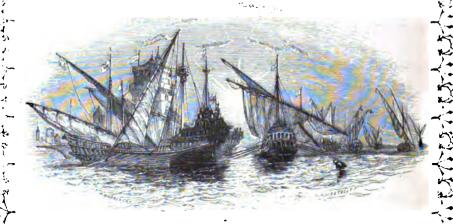
There are a thousand barons, all harnessed cap-a-pee,
With helm and spear that glitter clear above the dark-green sea;
No lack of gold or silver, to stamp each proud device
On shield or surcoat—nor of chains and jewellery of price.

The seamen's cheers the lady hears, and mingling voices come

From every deck, of glad rebeck, of trumpet, and of drum;—

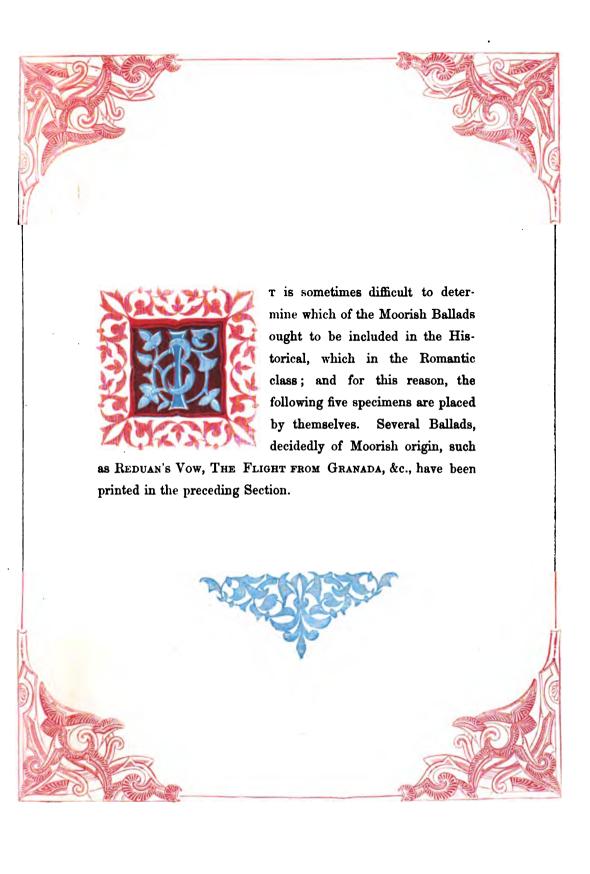
'Who dare withstand Sebastian's hand?—what Moor his gage may fling

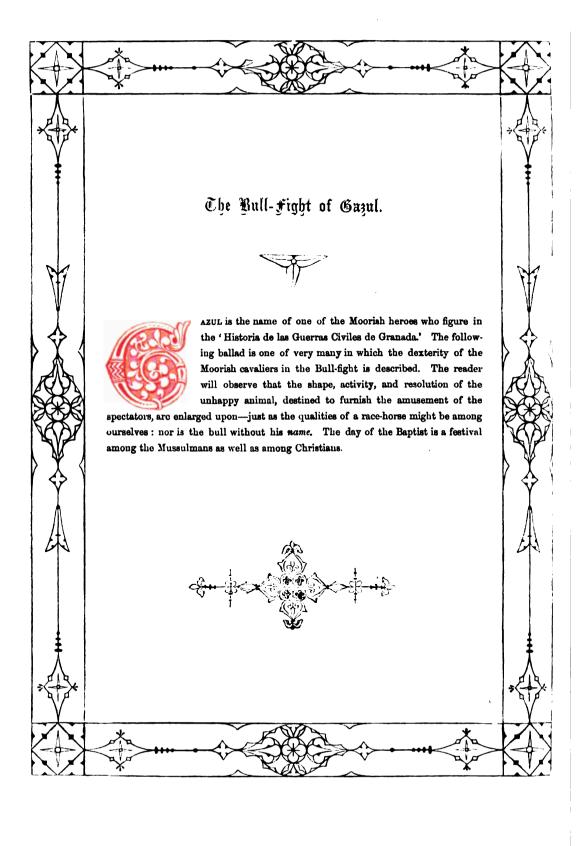
At young Sebastian's feet?' she said.—'The Lord hath blessed my King.'

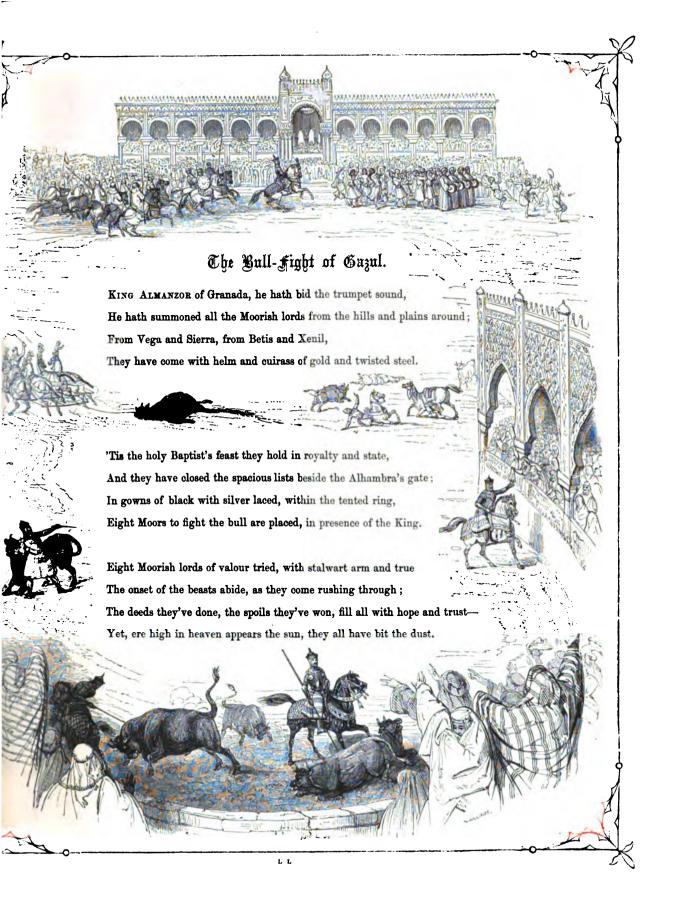




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Then sounds the trumpet clearly, then clangs the loud tambour,

Make room, make room for Gazul!—throw wide, throw wide the door!

Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still—more loudly strike the drum!

The Aleaydé of Algava to fight the bull doth come.

And first before the King he passed, with reverence stooping low,

And next he bowed him to the Queen, and the Infantas all a-rowe;

Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw

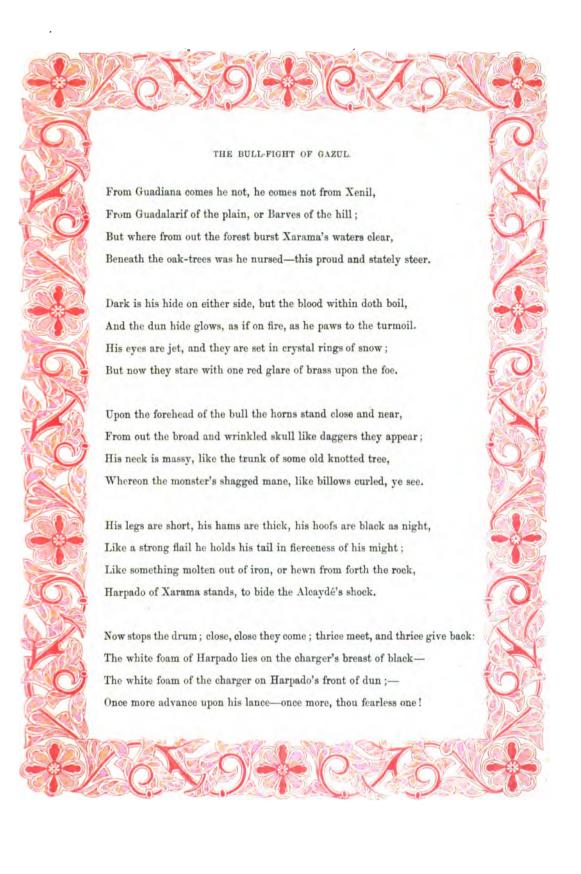
A scarf from out her balcony was whiter than the snow.

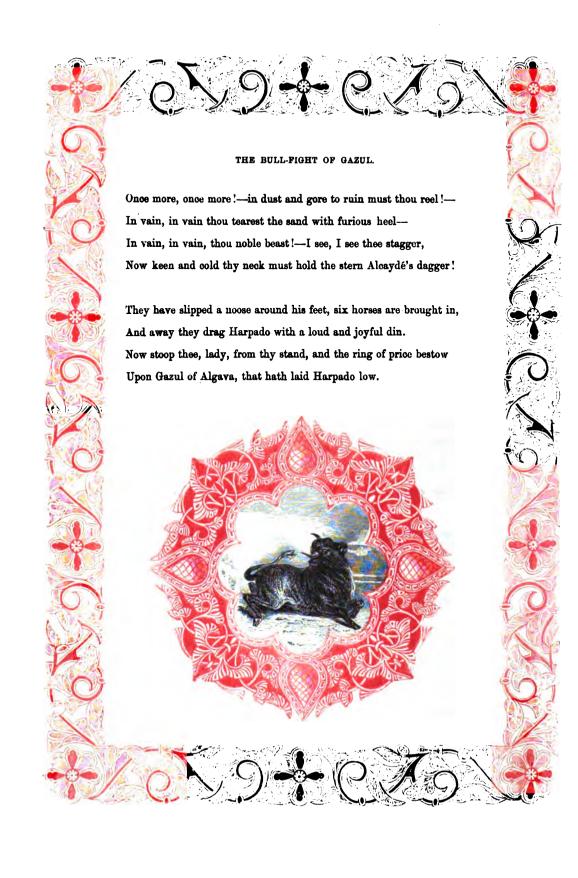
With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery is the sand,
Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en his stand;
And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords with anxious eye,
But firmly he extends his arm,—his look is calm and high.

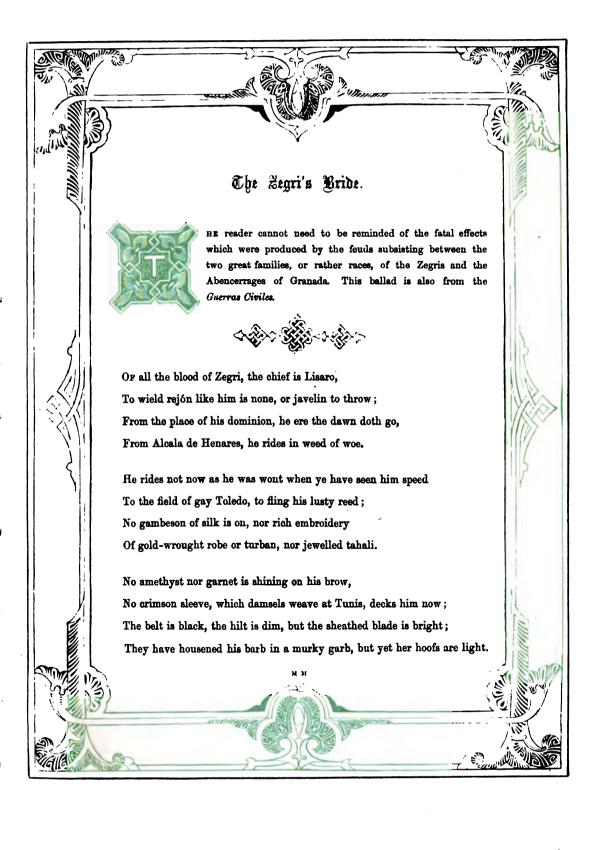
Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring on,
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his rejón;
Each furious beast, upon the breast, he deals him such a blow,
He blindly totters and gives back across the sand to go.

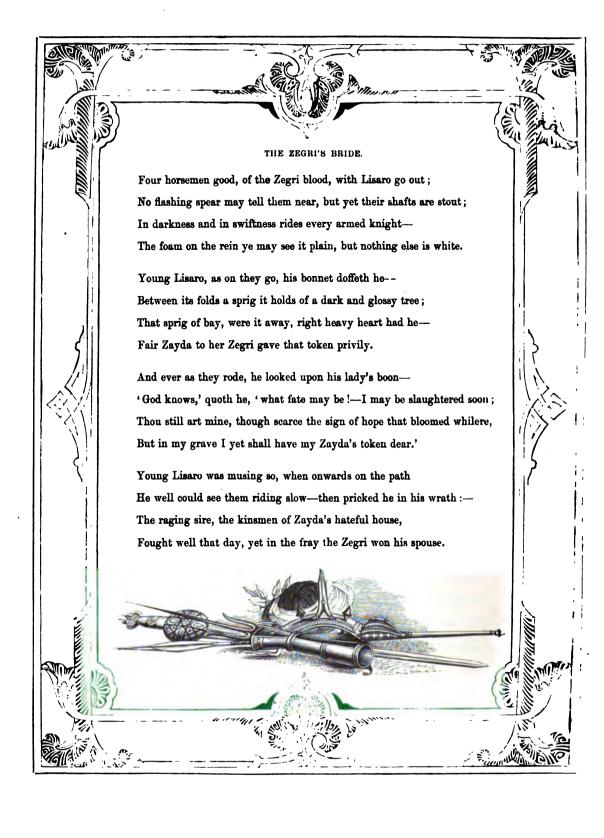
'Turn, Gazul—turn!' the people cry—the third comes up behind,
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the wind;—
The mountaineers that lead the steers without stand whispering low,

'Now thinks this proud Alcaydé to stun Harpado so?'





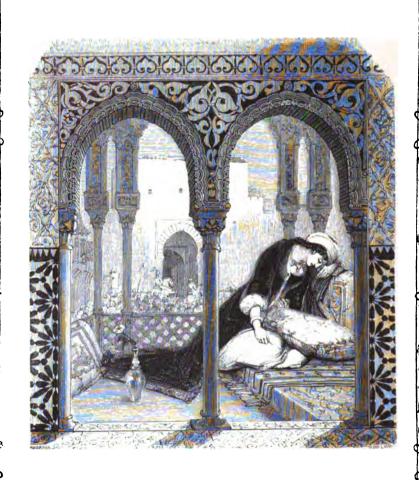




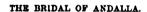
The Bridal of Andalla.

'Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down:
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's lordly blowing,
And banners bright from lattice light are waving every where,
And the tall tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air.
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

'Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see Andalla's face—
He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace;
Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadalquiver
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely never.
You tall plume waving o'er his brow, of purple mixed with white,
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night.
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!



'What aileth thee, Xarifa—what makes thine eyes look down?
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town?
I've heard you say on many a day, and sure you said the truth,
Andalla rides without a peer among all Granada's youth:



Without a peer he rideth, and you milk-white horse doth go
Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow:—
Then rise—oh! rise, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Unseen here through the lattice, you may gaze with all the town!

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,

Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the town;

But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove,

And though her needle pressed the silk, no flower Xarifa wove;

One bonny rose-bud she had traced before the noise drew nigh—

That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow drooping from her eye—

'No—no!' she sighs—' bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion down,

To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing town!'

Why rise ye not, Xarifa—nor lay your cushion down—
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa—with all the gazing town?

Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people cry:

He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why sit ye still—oh, why!'

——'At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in him shall I discover

The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and was my over!'

I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,

To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing town!'





Zara's Ear-rings.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell—
'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter:—
The well is deep—far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water;
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—they were pearls, in silver set, That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;

ZARA'S BAR-RINGS.

That I ne'er to other tongues should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,
Oh! what will Muça think of me!—I cannot, cannot tell!

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well;
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

He'll think, when I to market went I loitered by the way;

He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;

He'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses noosed,

From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed;

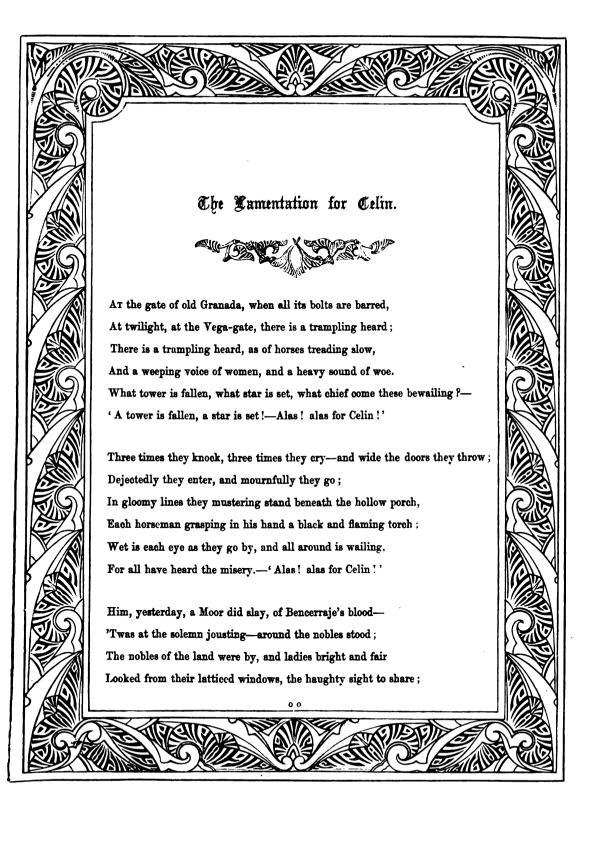
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well

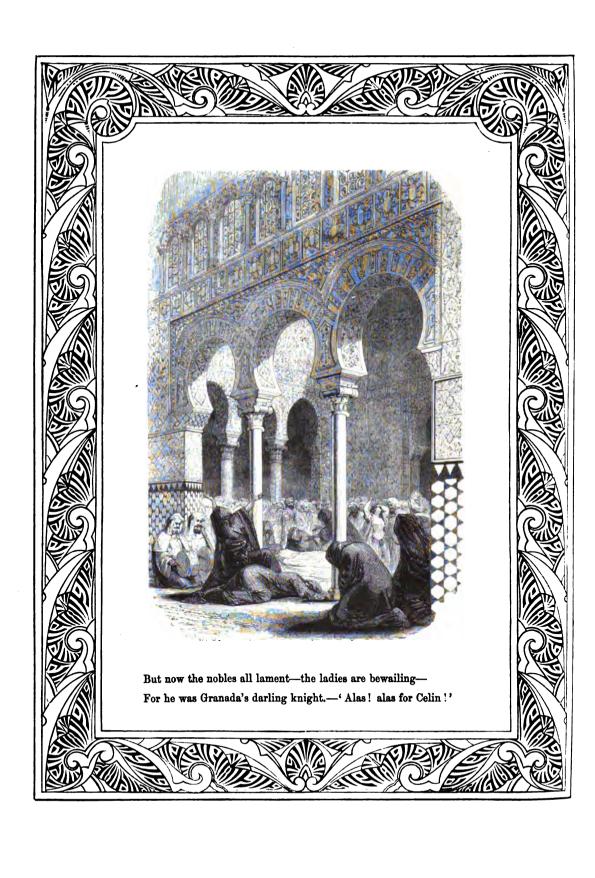
My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

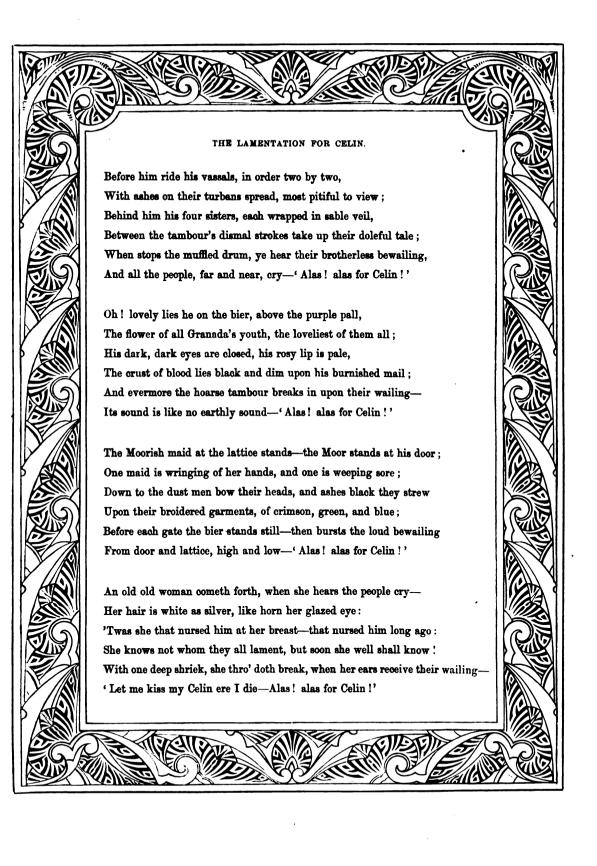
He'll say, I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say, I loved, when he was here to whisper of his flame—
But, when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings: oh! luckless, luckless well,—
For what to say to Muça—alas! I cannot tell.

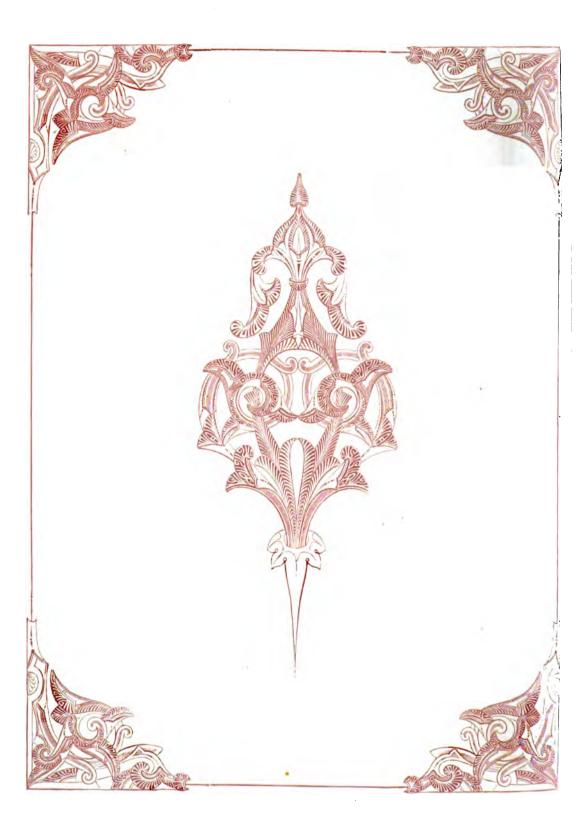
ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

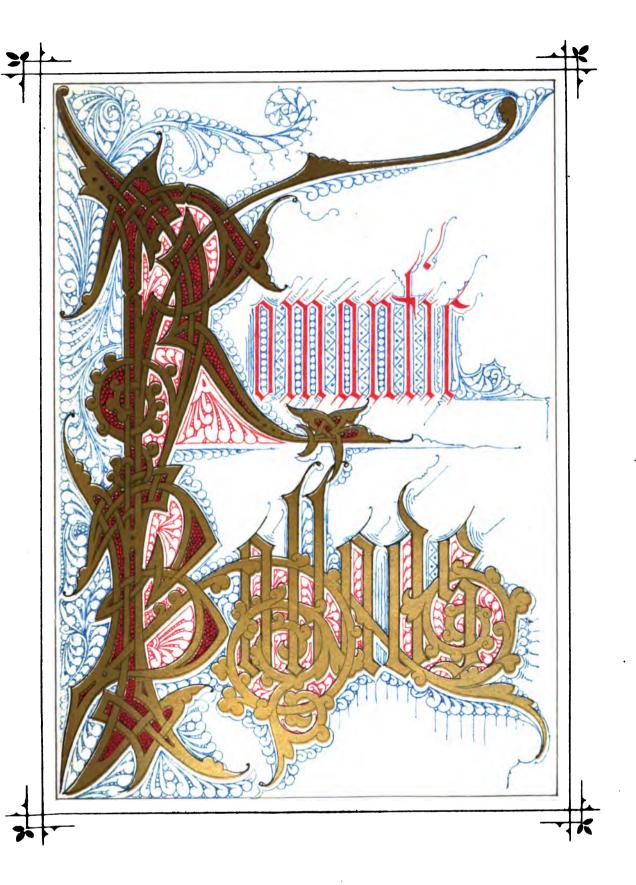
I'll tell the truth to Muça—and I hope he will believe—
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve:
That, musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well.







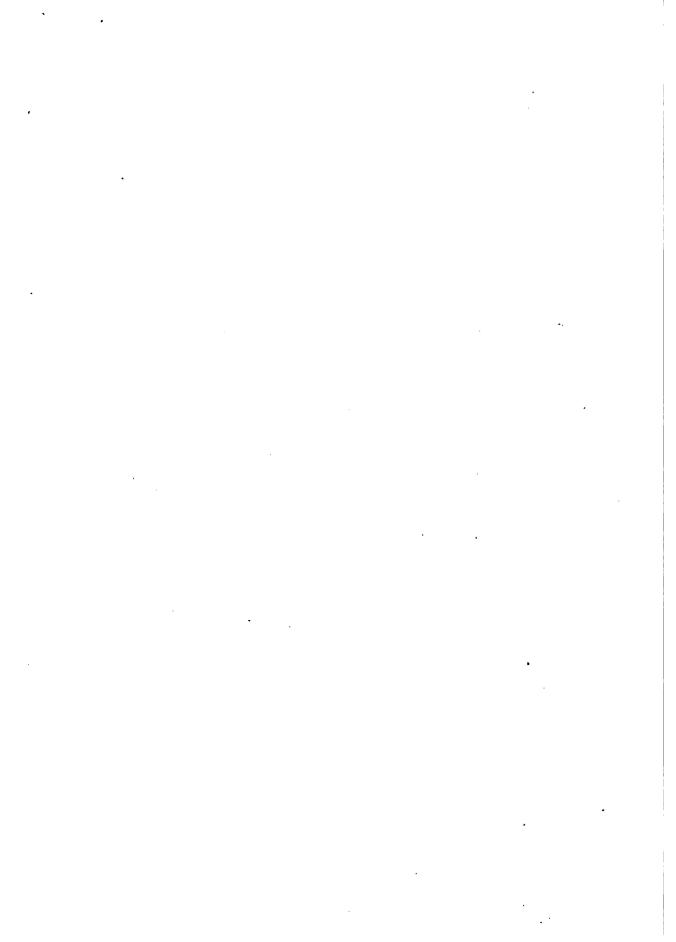


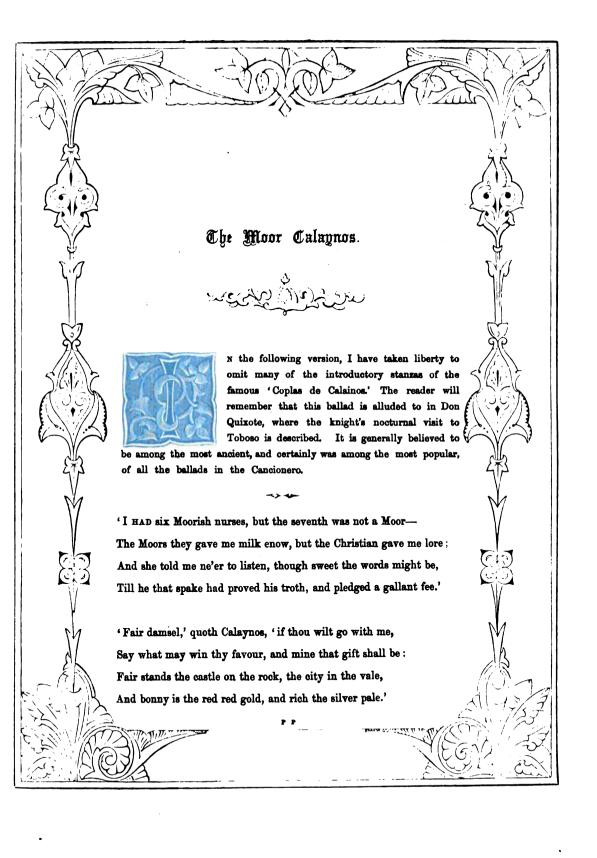


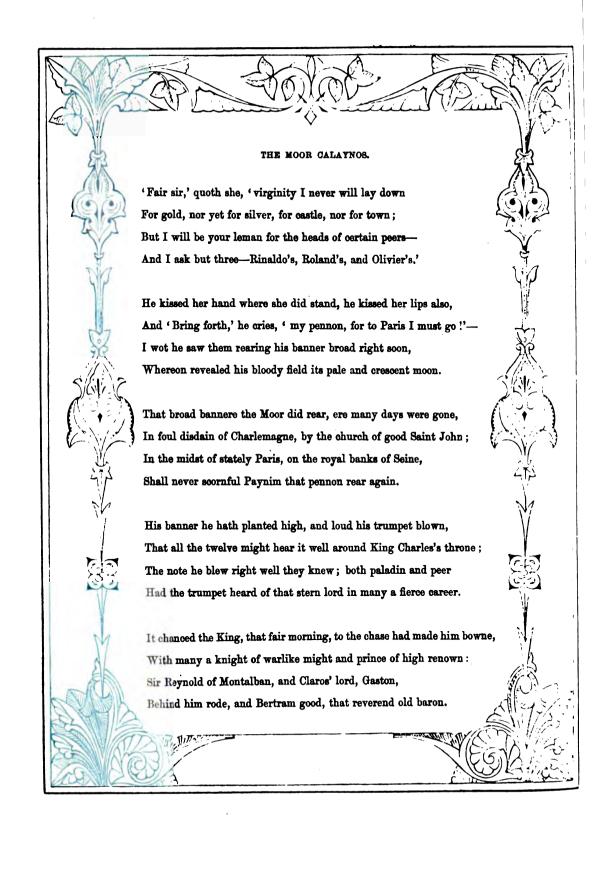
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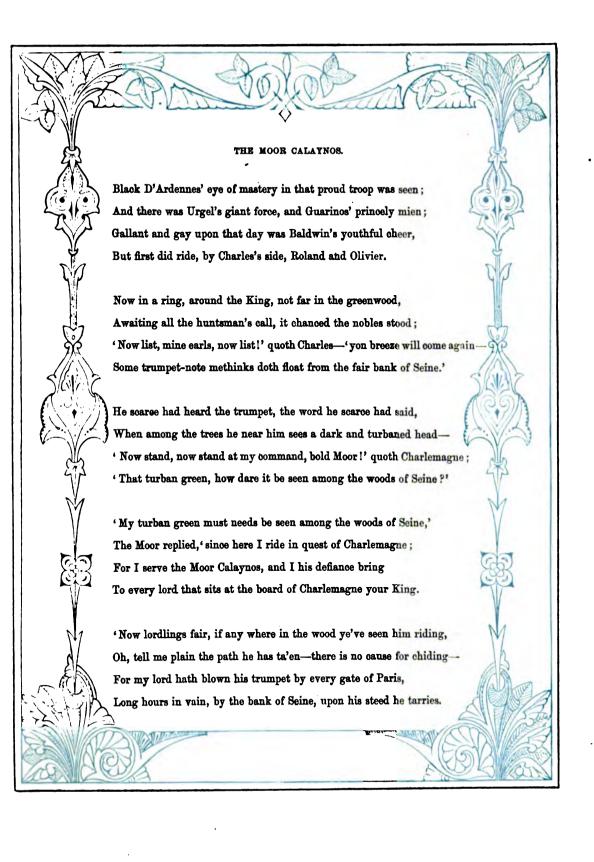
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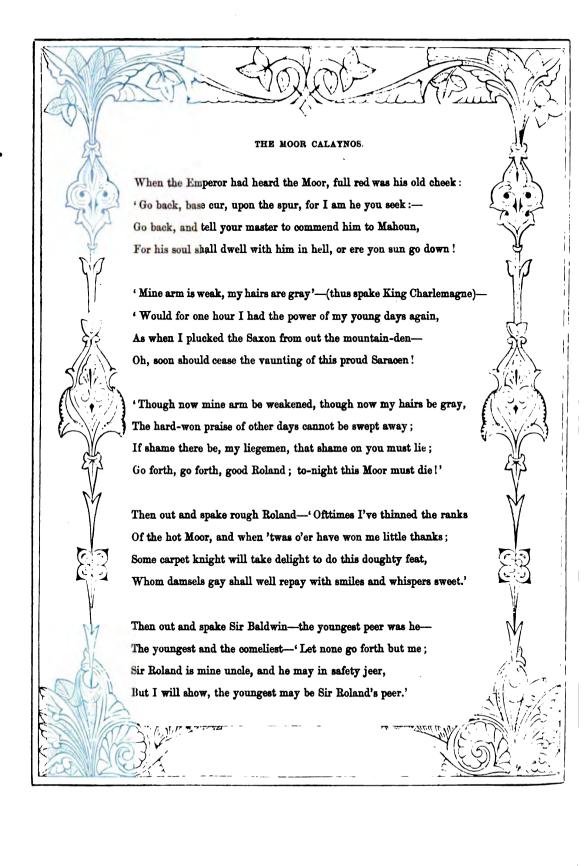
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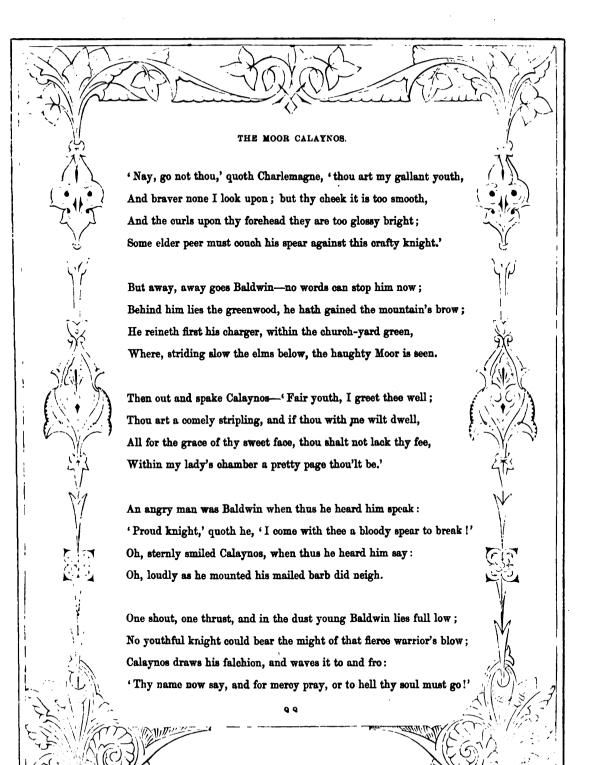


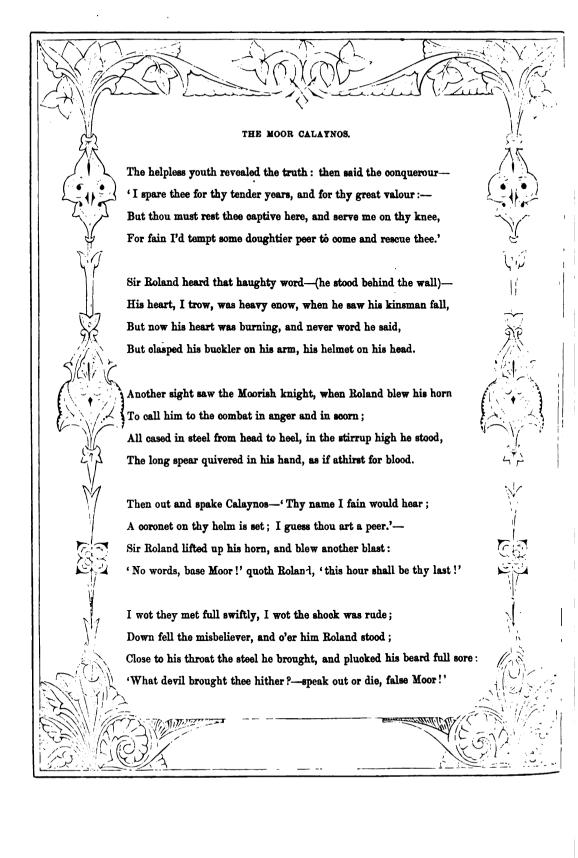


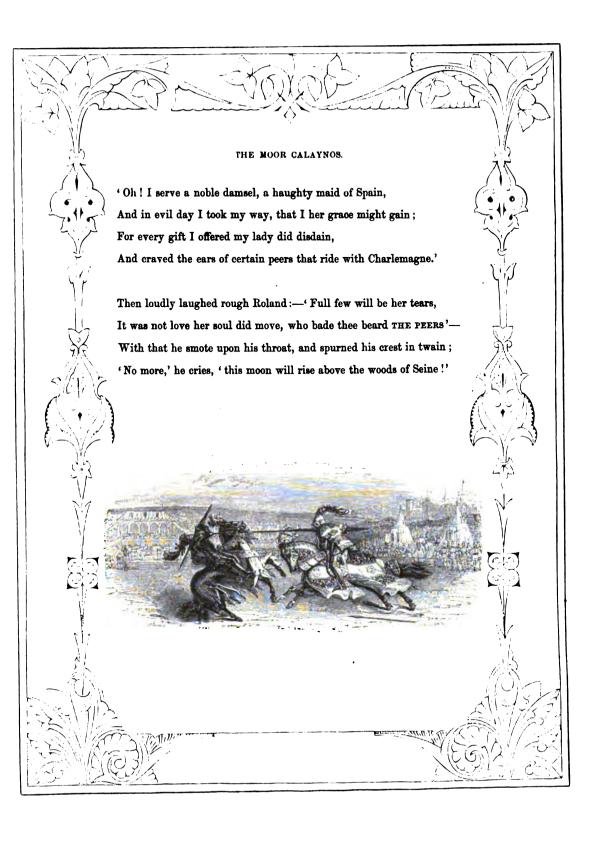














The Escape of Gayferos.



HE story of Gayfer de Bourdeaux is to be found at great length in the Romantic Chronicle of Charlemagne; and it has supplied the Spanish minstrels with subjects for a long series of ballads. In that which follows, Gayferos, yet a boy, is represented as hearing from his mother the circumstances of his father's death; and as narrowly escaping

with his own life, in consequence of his step-father, Count Galvan's cruelty.

There is another ballad which represents Gayferos, now grown to be a man, as coming in the disguise of a pilgrim to his mother's house, and slaying his step-father with his own hand. The Countess is only satisfied as to his identity by the circumstance of the finger:—

El dedo bien es aqueste, aqui lo vereys faltar :
La condesa que esto oyera empezole de abraçar.

BEFORE her knee the boy did stand, within the dais so fair,

The golden shears were in her hand, to clip his curled hair;

And ever, as she clipped the curls, such doleful words she spake,

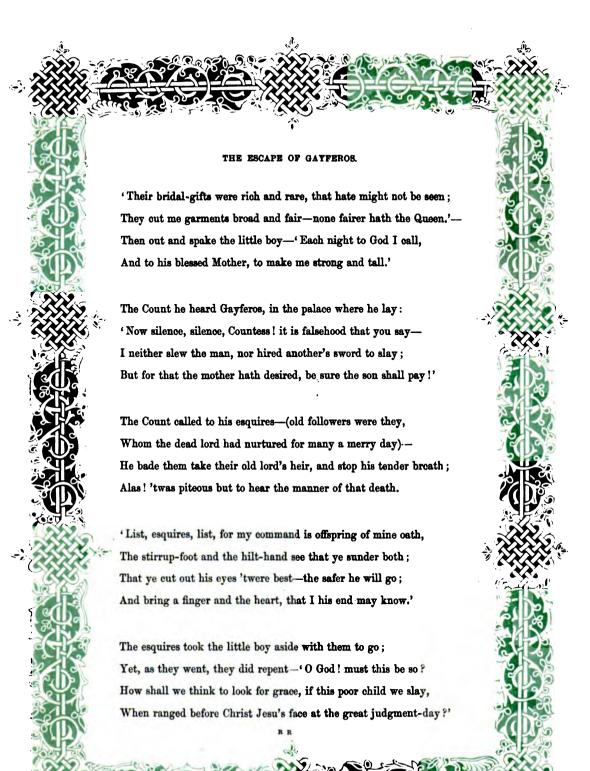
That tears ran from Gayferos' eyes, for his sad mother's sake.

'God grant a beard were on thy face, and strength thine arm within,
To fling a spear, or swing a mace, like Roland Paladin!

For then, I think, thou wouldst avenge thy father that is dead,
Whom envious traitors slaughtered within thy mother's bed;









THE ESCAPE OF GAYFEROS.

While they, not knowing what to do, were standing in such talk,

The Countess' little lap-dog bitch by chance did cross their walk;

Then out and spake one of the 'squires (you may hear the words he said)

'I think the coming of this bitch may serve us in good stead:—

'Let us take out the bitch's heart, and give it to Galvan;
The boy may with a finger part, and be no worser man.'—
With that they cut the joint away, and whispered in his ear,
That he must wander many a day, nor once those parts come near.

'Your uncle grace and love will show; he is a bounteous man.'
And so they let Gayferos go, and turned them to Galvan;
The heart and the small finger upon the board they laid,
And of Gayferos' slaughter a cunning story made.

The Countess, when she hears them, in great grief loudly cries:

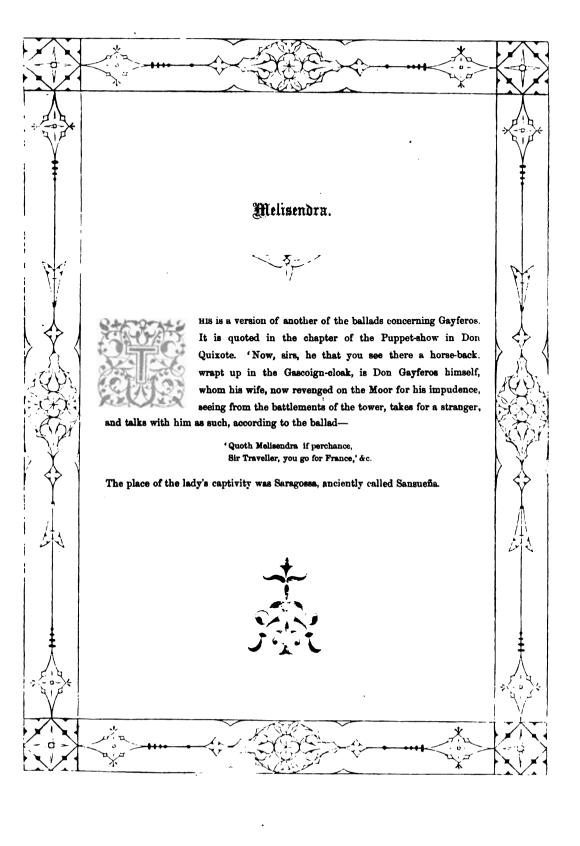
Meantime the stripling safely unto his uncle hies:—

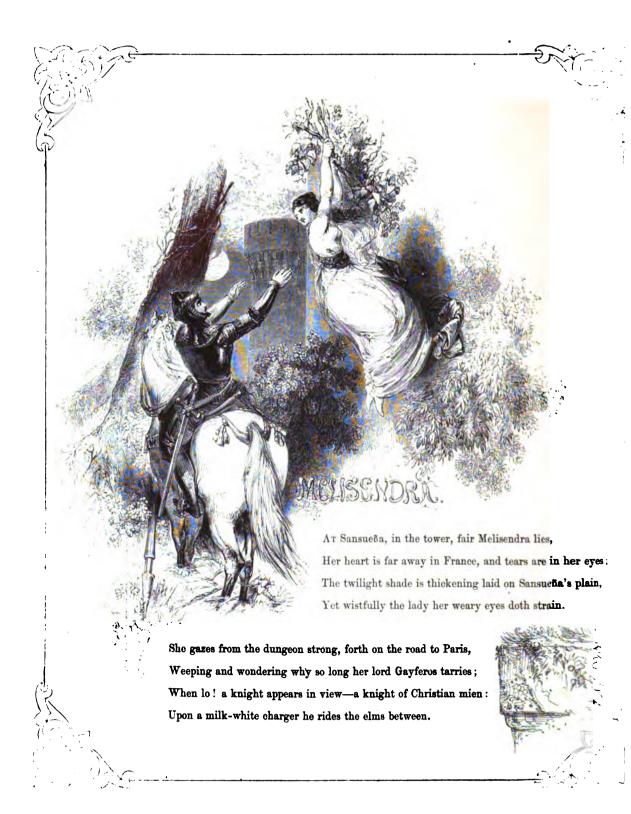
'Now welcome, my fair boy,' he said, 'what good news may they be

Come with thee to thine uncle's hall?'—'Sad tidings come with me:—

'The false Galvan had laid his plan to have me in my grave;
But I've escaped him, and am here, my boon from thee to crave—
Rise up, rise up, mine uncle, thy brother's blood they've shed
Rise up—they've slain my father within my mother's bed!'







MELISENDRA.

She from her window reaches forth her hand a sign to make:

'Oh, if you be a knight of worth, draw near for mercy's sake;

For mercy and sweet charity, draw near, Sir Knight, to me,

And tell me if ye ride to France, or whither bowne we be—

'Oh, if ye be a Christian knight, and if to France you go,
I pray thee tell Gayferos that you have seen my woe;
That you have seen me weeping, here in the Moorish tower,
While he is gay by night and day in hall and lady's bower.

'Seven summers have I waited—seven winters long are spent:
Yet word of comfort none he speaks, nor token hath he sent;
And if he is weary of my love, and would have me wed a stranger,
Still say his love is true to him—nor time nor wrong can change her!'

The knight on stirrup rising, bids her wipe her tears away:

'My love, no time for weeping, no peril save delay;

Come, boldly spring, and lightly leap—no listening Moor is near us,

And by dawn of day we'll be far away:'—so spake the knight Gayferos.

She hath made the sign of the Cross divine, and an Avé she hath said,

And she dares the leap both wide and deep—that lady without dread;

And he hath kissed her pale pale cheek, and lifted her behind:

Saint Denis speed the milk-white steed!—no Moor their path shall find.







HE following is an attempt to render one of the most admired of all the Spanish ballads.

'En Paris esta Dona Alda, la esposa de Don Roldan, Trecientas damas con ella, para la accompanar, Todas visten un vestido, todas calçan un calçar,' &c.

In its whole structure and strain, it bears a very remarkable resemblance to several of our own ballads, both English and Scottish.

In Paris sits the lady that shall be Sir Roland's bride,
Three hundred damsels with her, her bidding to abide;
All clothed in the same fashion, both the mantle and the shoon,
All eating at one table, within her hall at noon:
All, save the Lady Alda—she is lady of them all—
She keeps her place upon the dais, and they serve her in her hall;
The thread of gold a hundred spin, the lawn a hundred weave,
And a hundred play sweet melody within Alda's bower at eve.

LADY ALDA'S DREAM.

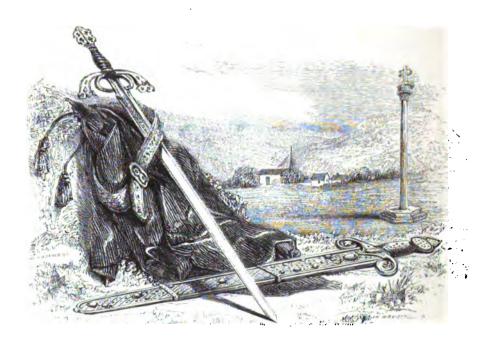
With the sound of their sweet playing, the lady falls asleep,
And she dreams a doleful dream, and her damsels hear her weep:
There is sorrow in her slumber, and she waketh with a cry,
And she calleth for her damsels, and swiftly they come nigh.
'Now what is it, Lady Alda'—(you may hear the words they say)—
'Bringeth sorrow to thy pillow, and chaseth sleep away?'
'Oh, my maidens!' quoth the lady, 'my heart it is full sore—
I have dreamt a dream of evil, and can slumber never more:

'For I was upon a mountain, in a bare and desert place,
And I saw a mighty eagle, and a falcon he did chase;
And to me the falcon came, and I hid it in my breast;
But the mighty bird, pursuing, came and rent away my vest;
And he scattered all the feathers, and blood was on his beak,
And ever, as he tore and tore, I heard the falcon shriek.
Now read my vision, damsels—now read my dream to me,
For my heart may well be heavy that doleful sight to see.'

Out spake the foremost damsel was in her chamber there—
(You may hear the words she says)—'Oh! my lady's dream is fair:
The mountain is St. Denis' choir, and thou the falcon art;
And the eagle strong that teareth the garment from thy heart,
And scattereth the feathers, he is the Paladin,
That, when again he comes from Spain, must aleep thy bower within.
Then be blythe of cheer, my lady, for the dream thou must not grieve,
It means but that thy bridegroom shall come to thee at eve.'

LADY ALDA'S DREAM.

'If thou hast read my vision, and read it cunningly,'
Thus said the Lady Alda, 'thou shalt not lack thy fee.'—
But woe is me for Alda! there was heard, at morning hour,
A voice of lamentation within that lady's bower;
For there had come to Paris a messenger by night,
And his horse it was a-weary, and his visage it was white;
And there's weeping in the chamber, and there's silence in the hall,
For Sir Roland has been slaughtered in the chase of Roncesval.





The Admiral Guarinos.



HIS is the ballad which Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, when at Toboso, overheard a peasant singing, as he was going to his work at daybreak.



THE day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,

Ye men of France, for there the lance of King Charles was broke in two:

Ye well may curse that rueful field, for many a noble peer

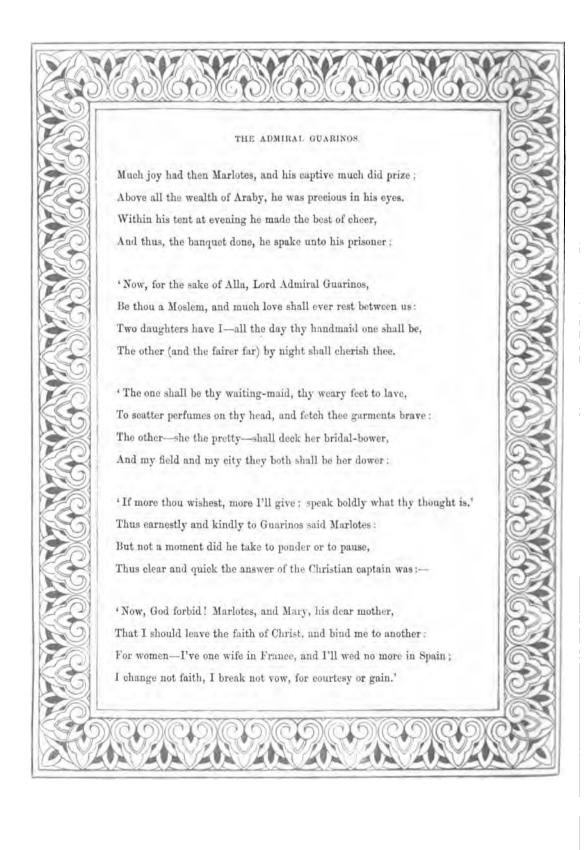
In fray or fight the dust did bite beneath Bernardo's spear.

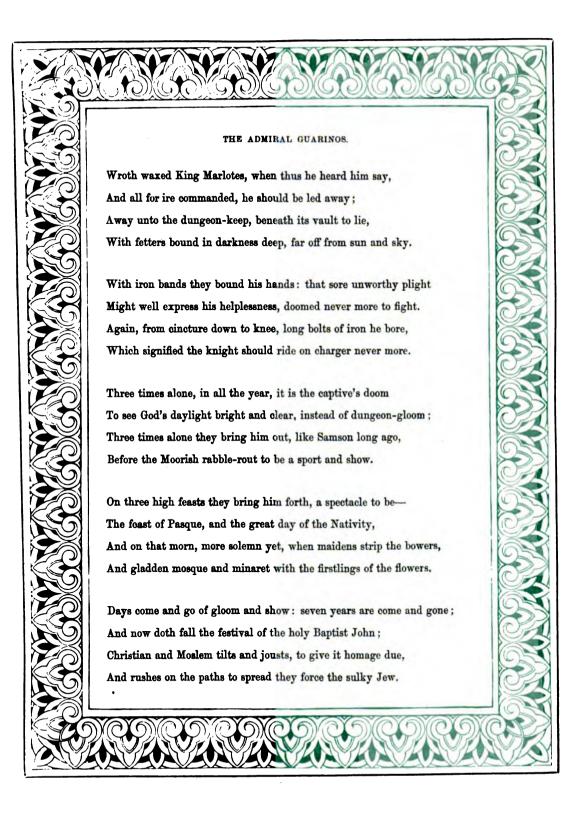
There captured was Guarinos, King Charles's admiral;

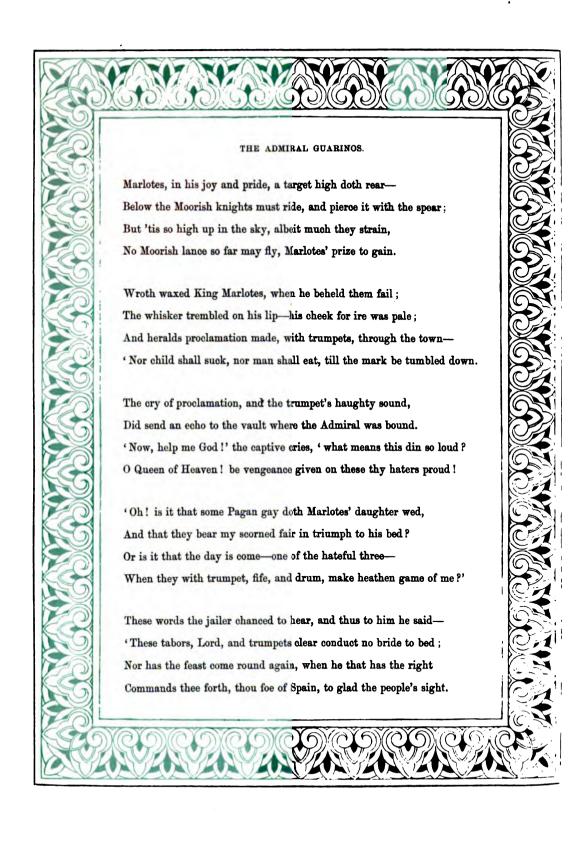
Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and seized him for their thrall;

Seven times, when all the chase was o'er, for Guarinos lots they cast,

Seven times Marlotes won the throw, and the knight was his at last.









'This is the joyful morning of John the Baptist's day,
When Moor and Christian feasts at home, each in his nation's way;
But now our King commands that none his banquet shall begin,
Until some knight, by strength or sleight, the spearman's prize do win.'

Then out and spake Guarinos—'Oh! soon each man should feed,
Were I but mounted once again on my own gallant steed:
Oh! were I mounted as of old, and harnessed cap-a-pee,
Full soon Marlotes' prize I'd hold, whate'er its price may be!

'Give me my horse, mine old grey horse, so be he is not dead,
All gallantly caparisoned, with plate on breast and head,
And give the lance I brought from France; and if I win it not,
My life shall be the forfeiture—I'll yield it on the spot.'

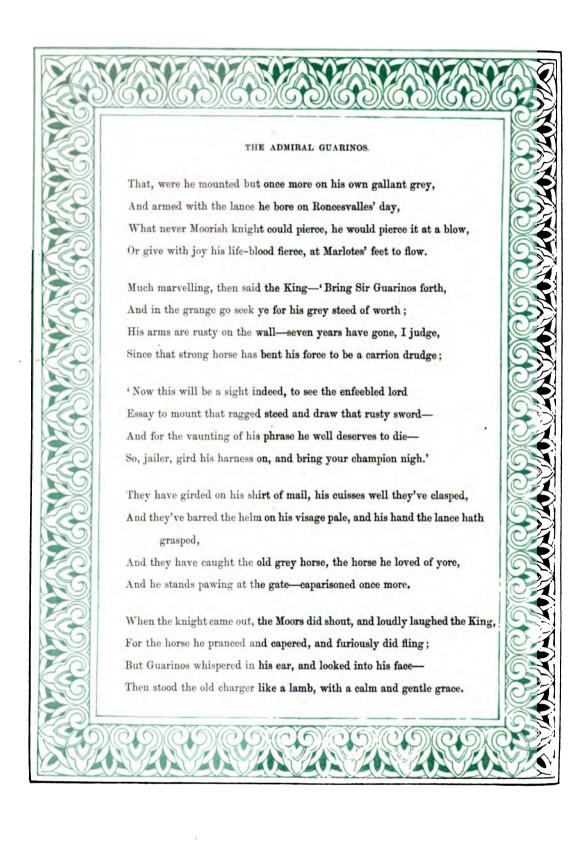
The jailer wondered at his words: thus to the knight said he—
'Seven weary years of chains and gloom have little humbled thee;
There's never a man in Spain, I trow, the like so well might bear,
And if thou wilt, I with thy vow will to the King repair.'

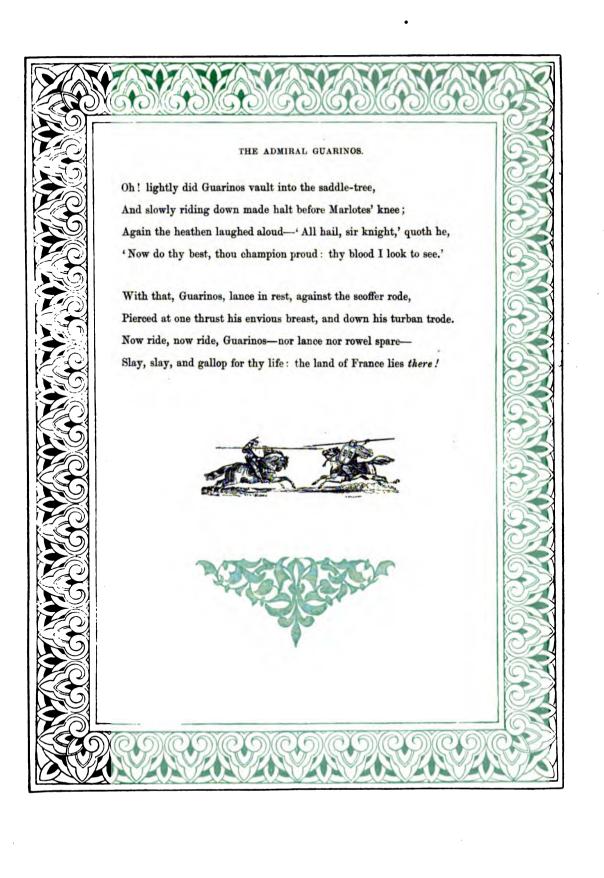
The jailer put his mantle on, and came unto the King—

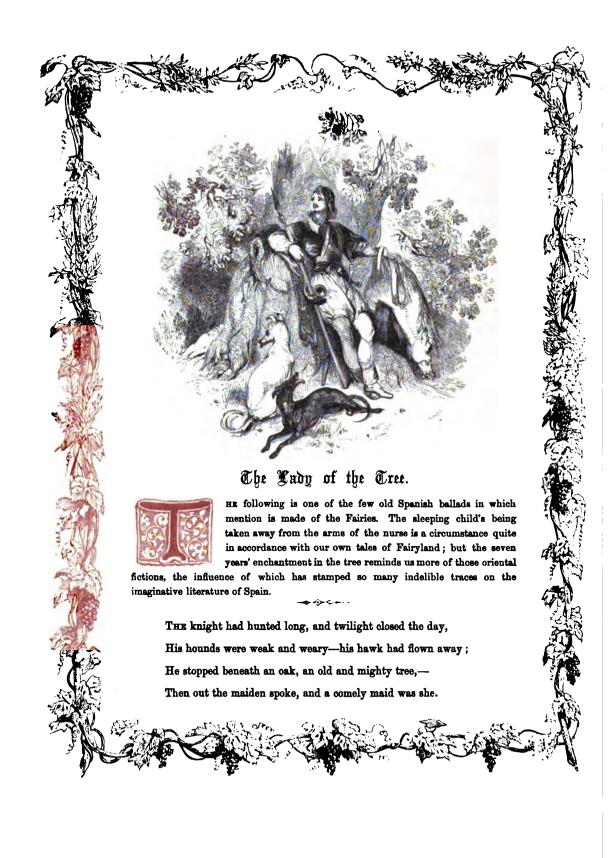
He found him sitting on the throne, within his listed ring;

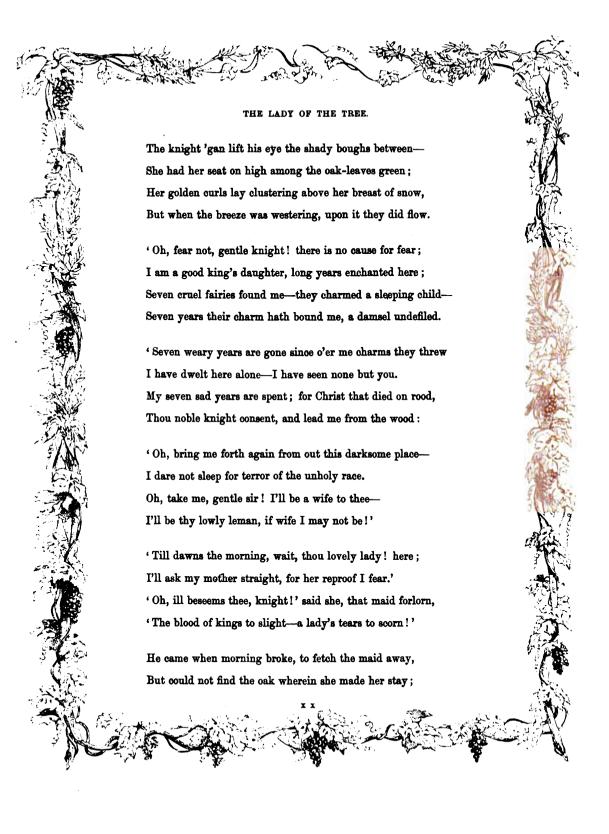
Close to his ear he planted him, and the story did begin,

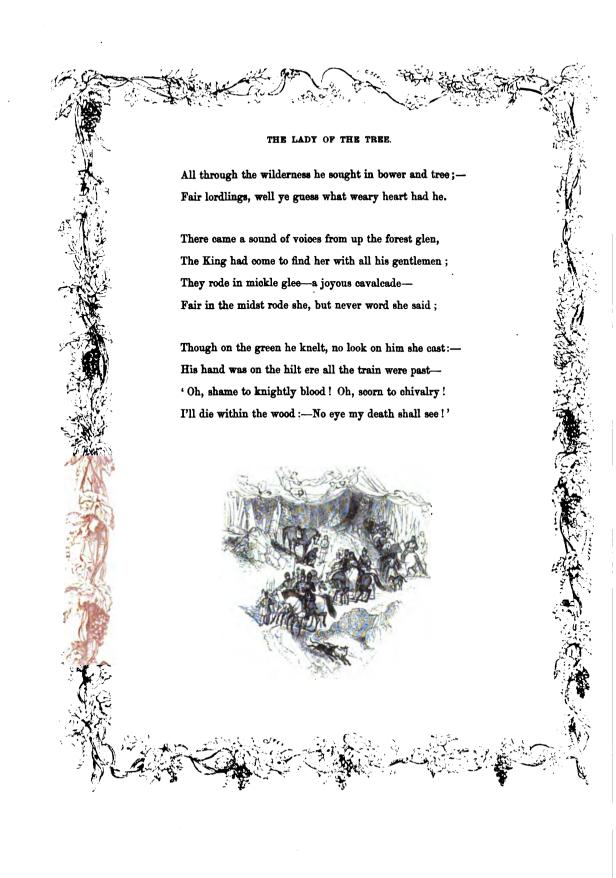
How bold Guarinos vaunted him the spearman's prize to win.













The Avenging Childe.

HURRAH! hurrah! avoid the way of the Avenging Childe; His horse is swift as sands that drift—an Arab of the wild; His gown is twisted round his arm—a ghastly cheek he wears; And in his hand, for deadly harm, a hunting knife he bears.

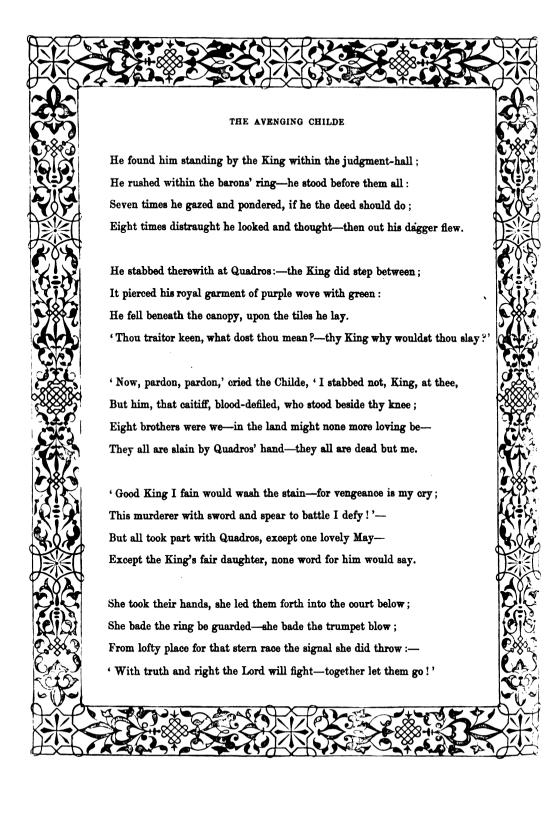
Avoid that knife in battle-strife:—that weapon short and thin,

The dragon's gore hath bathed it o'er, seven times 'twas steeped therein;

Seven times the smith hath proved its pith—it cuts a coulter through;

In France the blade was fashioned—from Spain the shaft it drew.

He sharpens it, as he doth ride, upon his saddle bow—
He sharpens it, on either side, he makes the steel to glow:
He rides to find Don Quadros, that false and faitour knight;
His glance of ire is hot as fire, although his cheek be white.





The one is up, the other down: the hunter's knife is bare;

It cuts the lace beneath the face—it cuts through beard and hair;

Right soon that knife hath quenched his life, the head is sundered sheer;

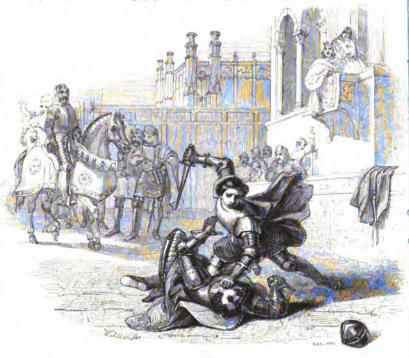
Then gladsome smiled the Avenging Childe, and fixed it on his spear.

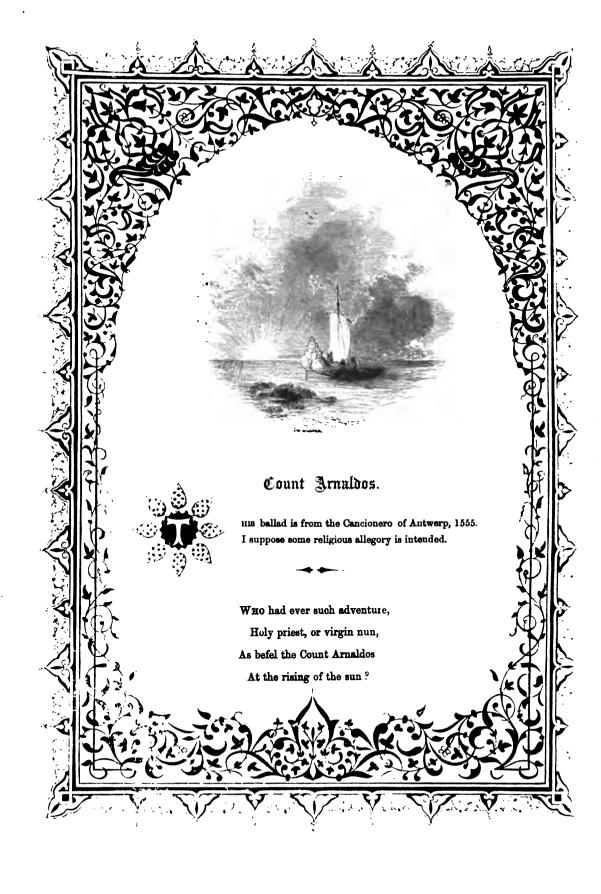
But when the King beholds him bring that token of his truth,

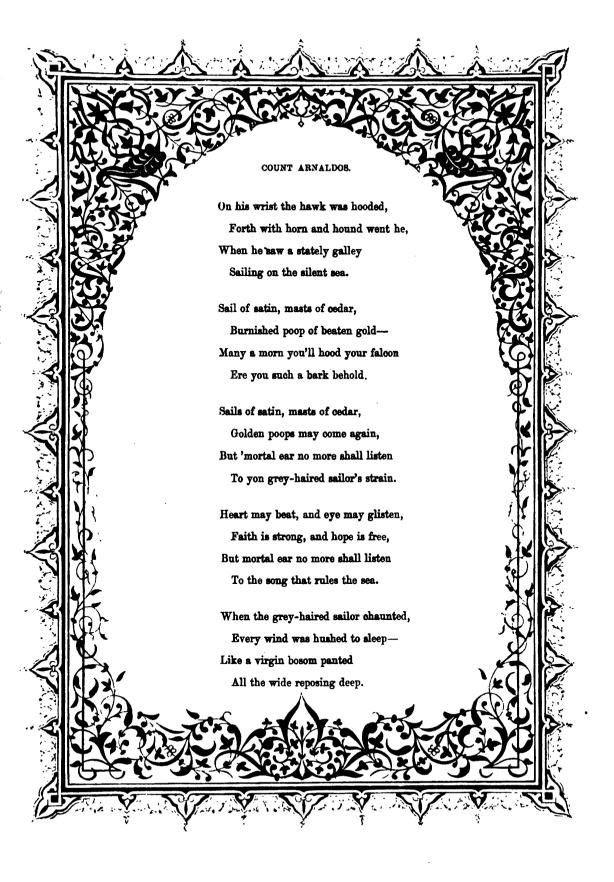
Nor scorn nor wrath his bosom hath:—'Kneel down, thou noble youth:

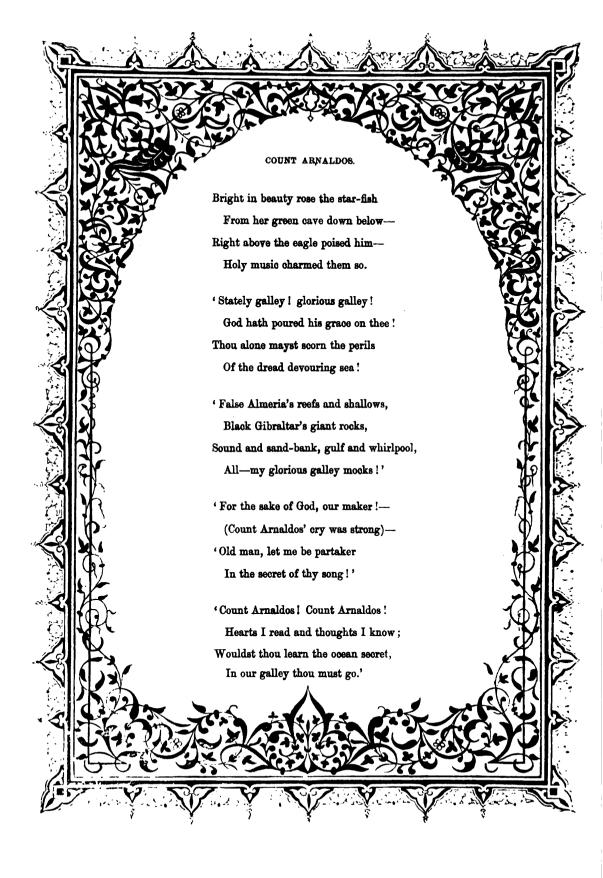
Kneel down, kneel down, and kiss my crown—I am no more thy foe;

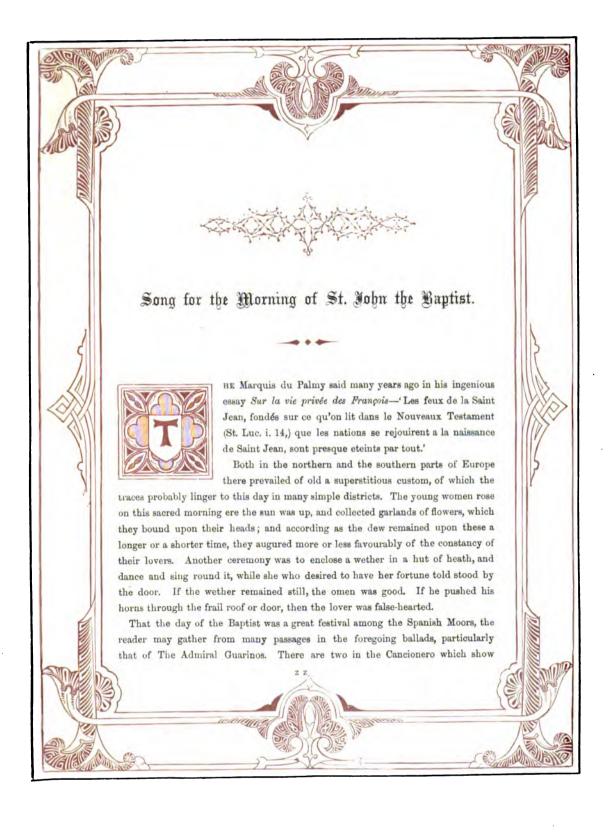
My daughter now may pay the vow she plighted long ago!'

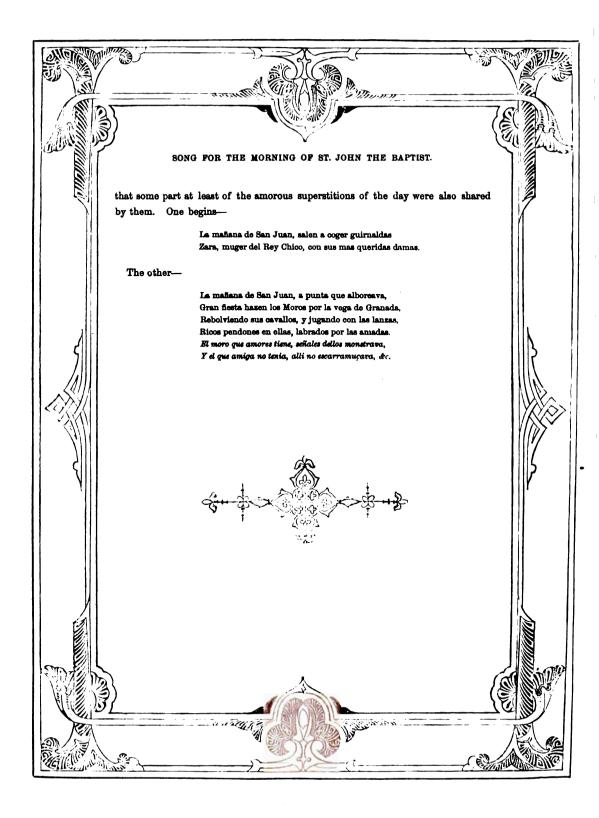


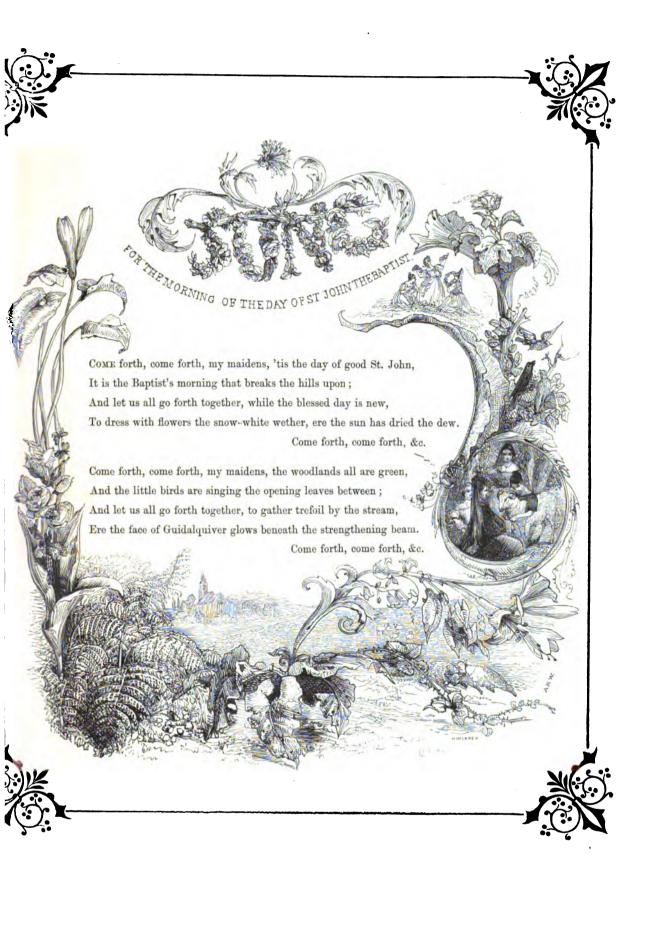


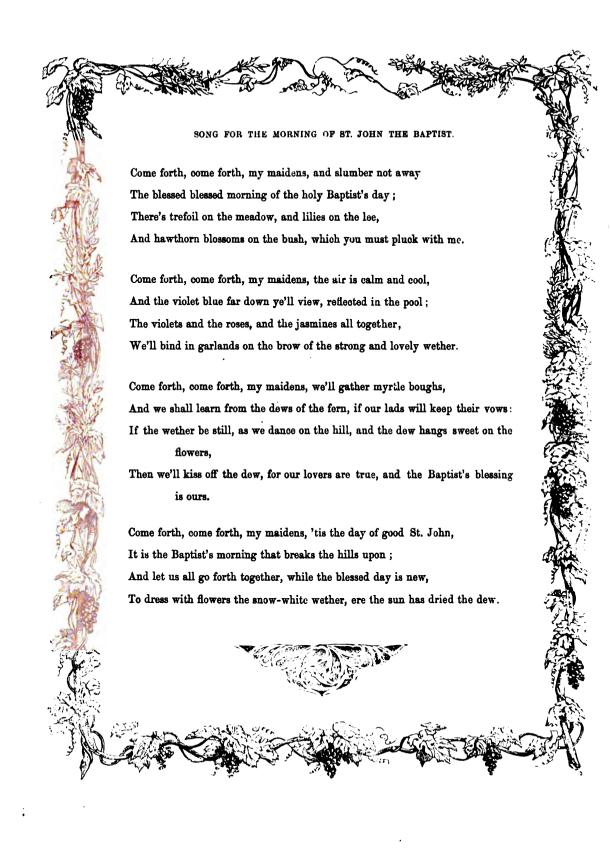






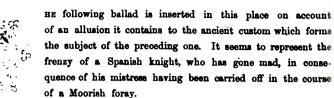














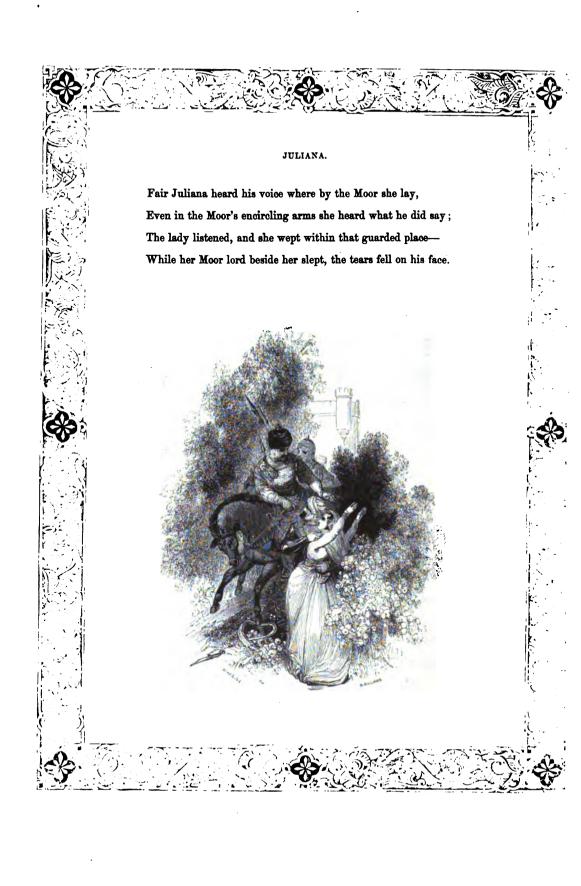
'Off! off! ye hounds!—in madness an ill death be your doom!

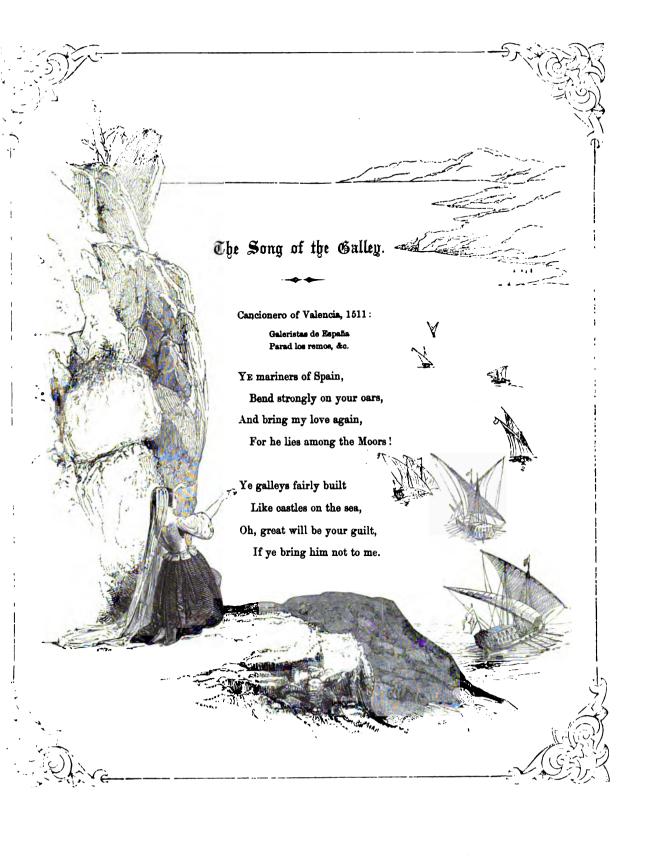
The boar he killed on Thursday on Friday ye consume!

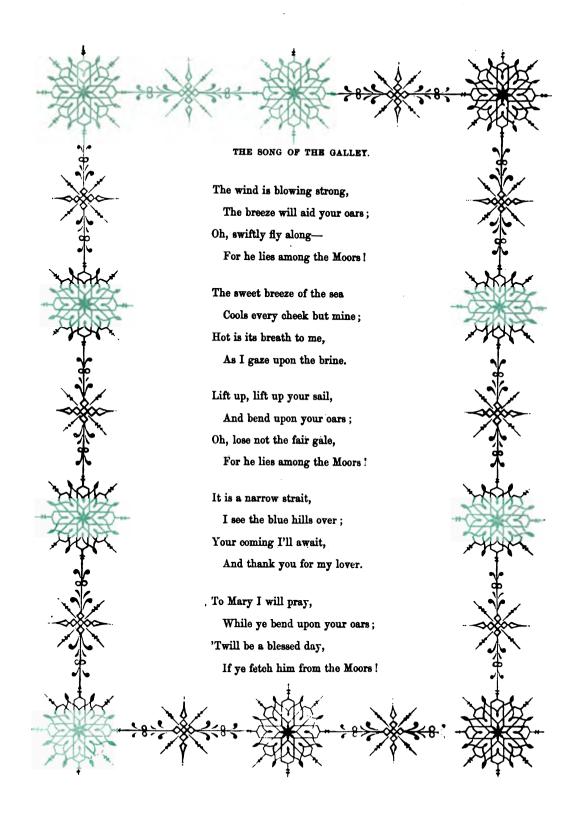
Ay me! and it is now seven years I in this valley go;

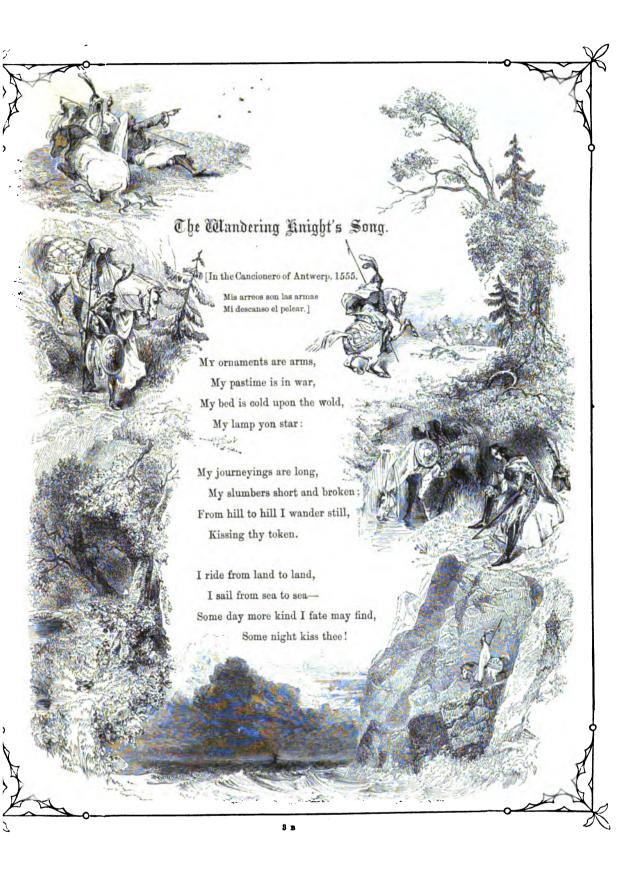
Barefoot I wander, and the blood from out my nails doth flow.

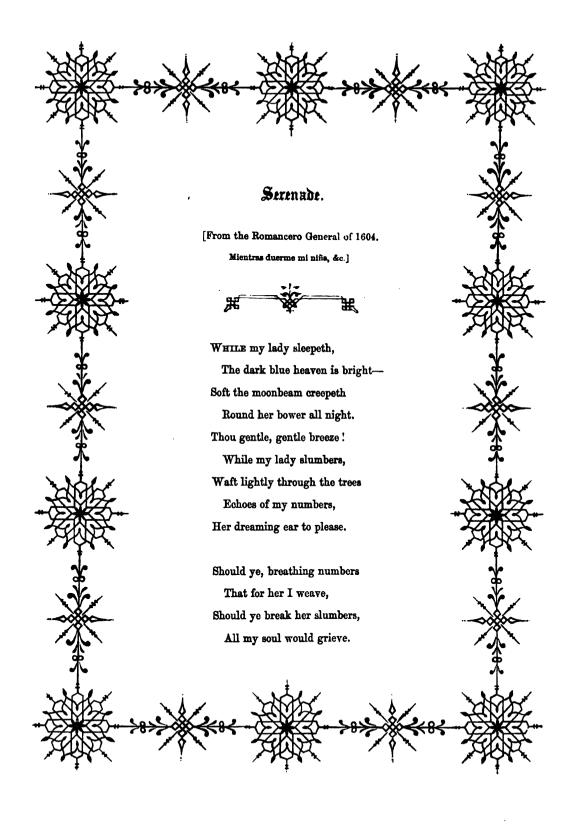
'I eat the raw flesh of the boar—I drink his red blood here, Seeking, with heavy heart and sore, my princess and my dear: 'Twas on the Baptist's morning the Moors my princess found, While she was gathering roses upon her father's ground.'

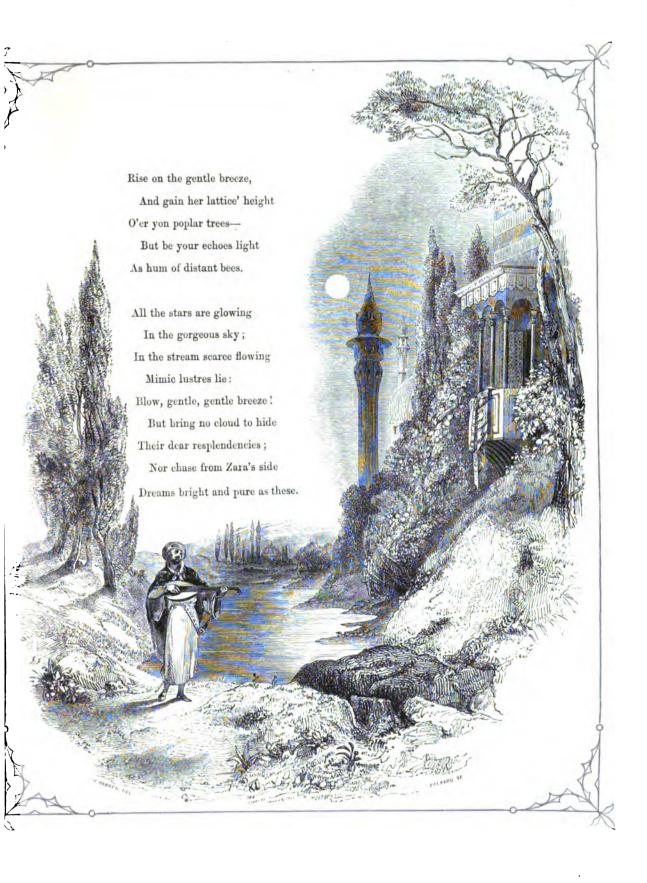


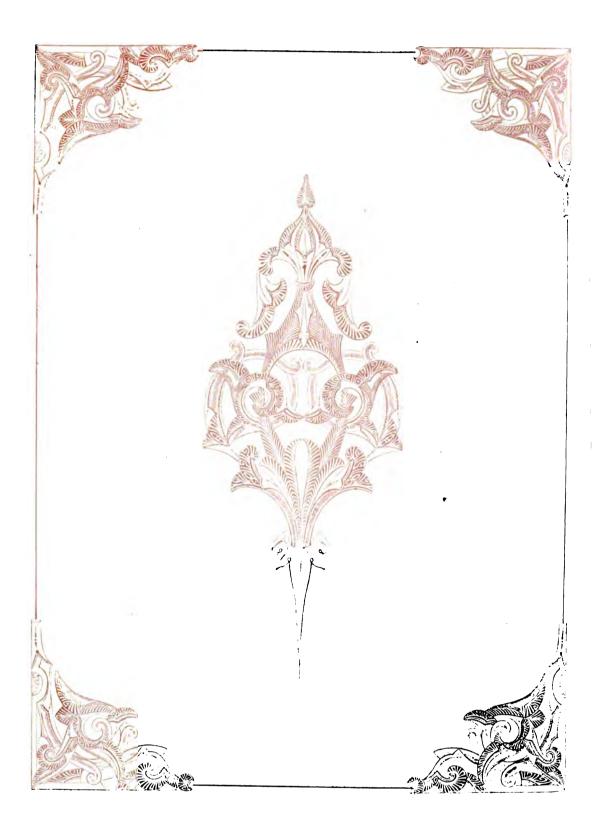


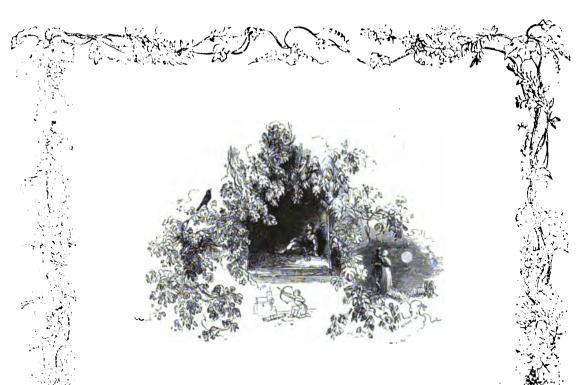












The Captibe Knight und the Blackbird.

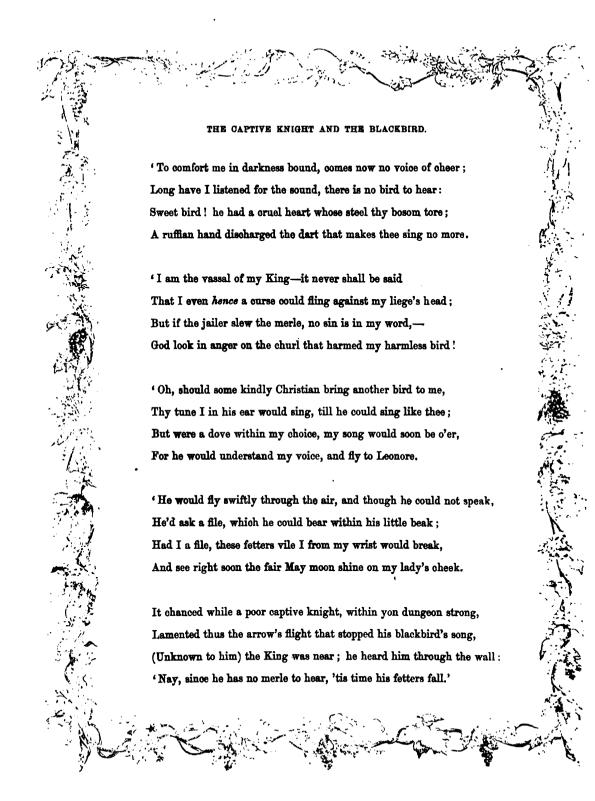
[CANCIONERO of Antwerp, 1555.]

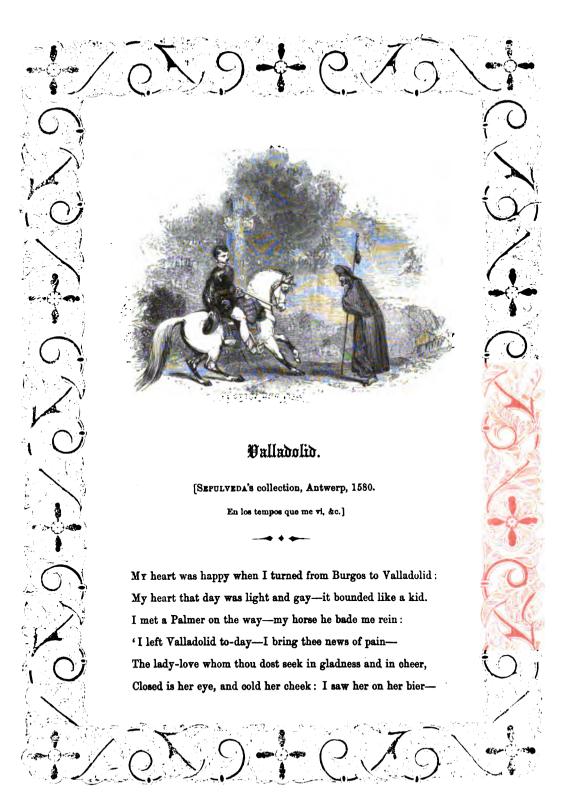
'TIS now, they say, the month of May—'tis now the moons are bright;
'TIS now the maids, 'mong greenwood shades, sit with their loves by night;
'TIS now the hearts of lovers true are glad the groves among;
'TIS now they sit the long night through, and list the thrush's song.

'Woe dwells with me, in spite of thee, thou gladsome month of May!

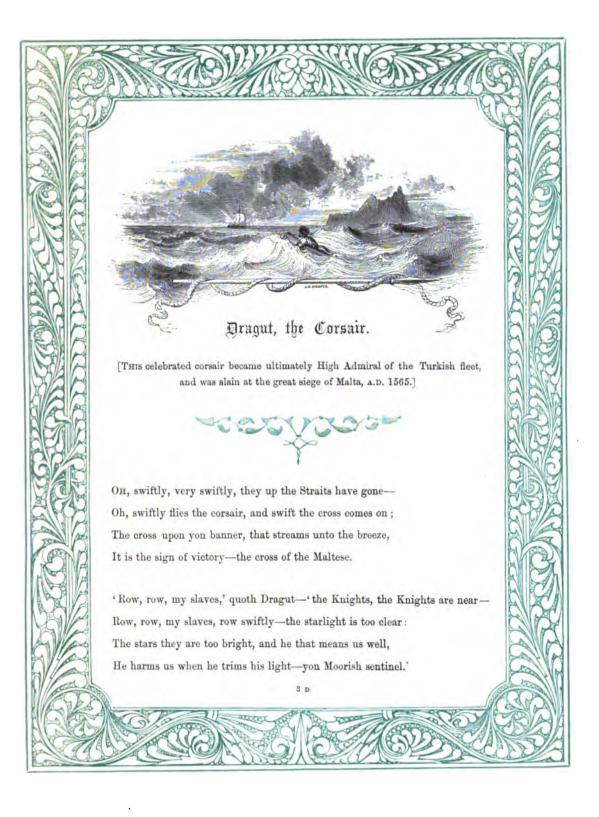
I cannot see what stars there be, I know not night from day;

There was a bird, whose voice I heard—oh! sweet my small bird sung—
I heard its tune when night was gone, and up the morning sprung.











DRAGUT, THE CORSAIR.

There came a wreath of smoke from out a culverine,

The corsair's poop it broke, and it sunk into the brine:

Down Moor and fettered Christian went beneath the billows' roar,

But hell had work for Dragut yet, and he swam safe ashore.

One only of the captives, a happy man is he—

The Christian sailors see him, yet struggling in the sea;

They hear the captive praying—they hear the Christian tongue—

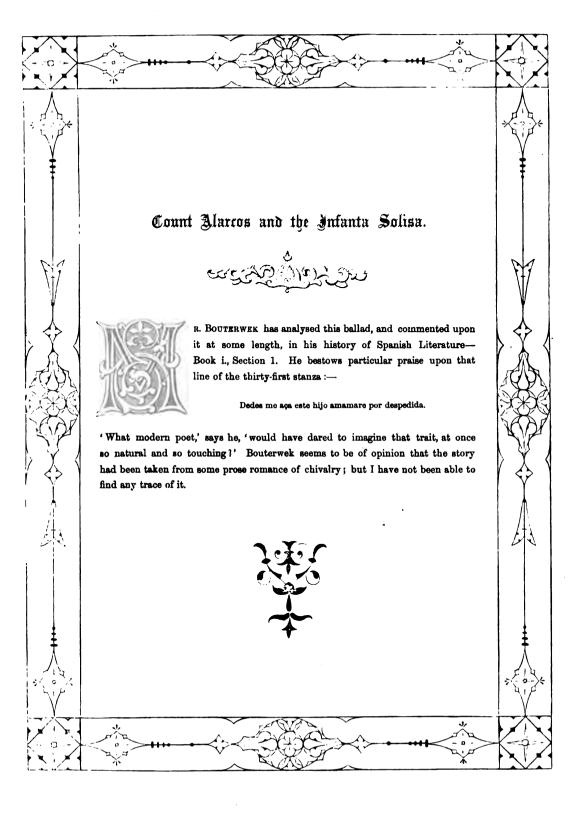
And swiftly from the galley a saving rope was flung.

It was a Spanish knight, who had long been in Algiers, From ladies high descended, and noble cavaliers;
But forced, for a season, a false Moor's slave to be—
Upon the shore his gardener, his galley-slave at sea.

But now his heart is dancing—he sees the Spanish land,
And all his friends advancing to meet him on the strand;
His heart was full of gladness, albeit his eyes ran o'er—
For he wept as he stepped upon the Christian shore.









The King, when he beheld her near, 'Alas! my child,' said he, 'What means this melancholy cheer?—reveal thy grief to me.'

'Good King,' she said, 'my mother was buried long ago— She left me to thy keeping, none else my grief shall know; I fain would have a husband, 'tis time that I should wed; Forgive the words I utter, with mickle shame they're said.'

'Twas thus the King made answer—'This fault is none of mine—You to the Prince of Hungary your ear would not incline;

Yet round us here where lives your peer?—nay, name him if you can—Except the Count Alarcos, and he's a married man.'

'Ask Count Alarcos, if of yore his word he did not plight

To be my husband evermore, and love me day and night;

If he has bound him in new vows, old oaths he cannot break:

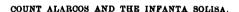
Alas! I've lost a loyal spouse, for a false lover's sake.'

The good King sate confounded in silence for some space—
At length he made his answer, with very troubled face:
'It was not thus your mother gave counsel you should do;
You've done much wrong, my daughter; we're shamed, both I and you

'If it be true that you have said, our honour's lost and gone—
And while the Countess is in life, remeed for us is none:
Though justice were upon our side, ill-talkers would not spare—
Speak, daughter, for your mother's dead, whose counsel eased my care.'







'How can I give you counsel?—but little wit have I—
But certes Count Alarcos may make this Countess die:
Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
And then let Count Alarcos come and ask me for his wife.
What passed between us long ago, of that be nothing said;
Thus none shall our dishonour know—in honour I shall wed.'

The Count was standing with his friends—thus in the midst he spake:
'What fools be men!—what boots our pain for comely woman's sake!
I loved a fair one long ago;—though I'm a married man,
Sad memory I can ne'er forego, how life and love began.'

While yet the Count was speaking, the good King came full near;
He made his salutation with very courteous cheer.

'Come hither, Count Alarcos, and dine with me this day,
For I have something secret, I in your ear must say.'

MIMIN

The King came from the chapel, when he had heard the mass;
With him the Count Alarcos did to his chamber pass;
Full nobly were they served there, by pages many a one;
When all were gone, and they alone, 'twas thus the King begun:—

'What news be these, Alarcos, that you your word did plight
To be a husband to my child, and love her day and night?

If more between you there did pass, yourself may know the truth—
But shamed is my gray head—alas!—and soorned Solisa's youth.

'I have a heavy word to speak—a lady fair doth lie
Within my daughter's rightful place—and certes! she must die.

I.et it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
Then come and woo my daughter, and she shall be your wife:
What passed between you long ago, of that be nothing said—
Thus none shall my dishonour know—in honour you shall wed.'

Thus spake the Count Alarcos—'The truth I'll not deny,
I to the Infanta gave my troth, and broke it shamefully;
I feared my King would ne'er consent to give me his fair daughter;
But, oh! spare her that's innocent—avoid that sinful slaughter.'

'She dies! she dies!' the King replies;—'from thine own sin it springs,
If guiltless blood must wash the blot which stains the blood of kings:
Ere morning dawn her life must end, and thine must be the deed—
Else thou on shameful block must bend: thereof is no remeed.'

'Good King, my hand thou mayst command, else treason blots my name:
I'll take the life of my dear wife—(God! mine be not the blame!)
Alas! that young and sinless heart for other's sin should bleed!
Good King, in sorrow I depart.'——'May God your errand speed!'

In sorrow he departed—dejectedly he rode

The weary journey from that place unto his own abode;

He grieved for his fair countess, dear as his life was she;

Sore grieved he for that lady, and for his children three.







The one was yet an infant upon its mother's breast,

For though it had three nurses, it liked her milk the best;

The others were young children, that had but little wit,

Hanging about their mother's knee while nursing she did sit.

'Alas!' he said, when he had come within a little space—
'How shall I brook the cheerful look of my kind lady's face?
To see her coming forth in glee to meet me in my hall,
When she so soon a corpse must be, and I the cause of all!'

Just then he saw her at the door with all her babes appear—
(The little page had run before to tell his lord was near:)
'Now welcome home, my lord, my life!—Alas! you droop your head:
Tell, Count Alarcos, tell your wife, what makes your eyes so red!'

'I'll tell you all—I'll tell you all: it is not yet the hour;
We'll sup together in the hall—I'll tell you in your bower.'
The lady brought forth what she had, and down beside him sate;
He sate beside her pale and sad, but neither drank nor ate.

The children to his side were led—he loved to have them so—
Then on the board he laid his head, and out his tears did flow:
'I fain would sleep—I fain would sleep,' the Count Alarcos said:—
Alas! be sure, that sleep was none that night within their bed.

They came together to the bower where they were used to rest, None with them but the little babe that was upon the breast:

The Count had barred the chamber doors—they ne'er were barred till then; 'Unhappy lady,' he began, 'and I most lost of men!'

'Now, speak not so, my noble lord, my husband, and my life!
Unhappy never can she be that is Alarcos' wife.'—
'Alas! unhappy lady, 'tis but little that you know,
For in that very word you've said is gathered all your woe.

Long since I loved a lady—long since I oaths did plight,

To be that lady's husband, to love her day and night;

Her father is our lord the King, to him the thing is known,

And now, that I the news should bring! she claims me for her own.

'Alas! my love!—alas! my life!—the right is on their side; Ere I had seen your face, sweet wife, she was betrothed my bride! But, oh! that I should speak the word—since in her place you lie, It is the bidding of our Lord that you this night must die.'

'Are these the wages of my love, so lowly and so leal?

Oh, kill me not, thou noble count, when at thy foot I kneel!

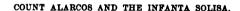
But send me to my father's house, where once I dwelt in glee,

There will I live a lone chaste life, and rear my children three.'

'It may not be—mine oath is strong—ere dawn of day you die!'
'Oh! well 'tis seen how all alone upon the earth am I;
My father is an old frail man—my mother's in her grave—
And dead is stout Don Garci—alas! my brother brave!







''Twas at this coward King's command they slew my brother dear,
And now I'm helpless in the land:—it is not death I fear,
But loth, loth am I to depart, and leave my children so—
Now let me lay them to my heart, and kiss them ere I go.'.

'Kiss him that lies upon thy breast—the rest thou mayst not see.'
'I fain would say an Avé.' 'Then say it speedily.'
She knelt her down upon her knee: 'Oh, Lord! behold my case—Judge not my deeds, but look on me in pity and great grace.'

When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose—
'Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose;
And now give me my boy once more upon my breast to hold,
That he may drink one farewell drink, before my breast be cold.'

'Why would you waken the poor child?—you see he is asleep;
Prepare, dear wife, there is no time, the dawn begins to peep.'
'Now hear me, Count Alarcos! I give thee pardon free—
I pardon thee for the love's sake wherewith I've loved thee;

'But they have not my pardon, the King and his proud daughter—
The curse of God be on them, for this unchristian slaughter!
I charge them with my dying breath, ere thirty days be gone,
To meet me in the realm of death, and at God's awful throne!'



He drew a kerchief round her neck, he drew it tight and strong, Until she lay quite stiff and cold her chamber floor along; He laid her then within the sheets, and, kneeling by her side, To God and Mary Mother in misery he cried.

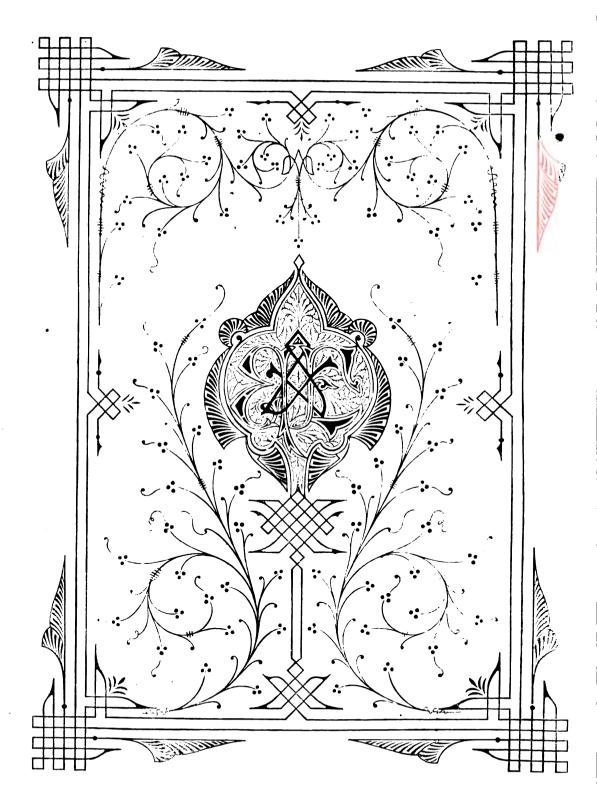
Then called he for his esquires:—oh! deep was their dismay,
When they into the chamber came, and saw her how she lay:
Thus died she in her innocence, a lady void of wrong—
But God took heed of their offence—His vengeance stayed not long.

Within twelve days, in pain and dole, the Infanta passed away,
The cruel King gave up his soul upon the twentieth day;
Alarcos followed ere the moon had made her round complete;
Three guilty spirits stood right soon before God's judgment-seat.





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